

THE TEARES OR LAMENTATIONS OF A SORROWFVLL SOVLE:

Composed with Musicall Ayres and Songs, both
for Voyces and diuers Instruments.

Set forth by Sir WILLIAM LEIGHTON Knight, one of his
Majesties Honourable Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

And all Psalmes that consist of so many teere as the fiftieth Psalm, will geve to
the foure partes for Consort.

MUSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

CANTUS

TENOR

BASS

BASS

LONDON

Printed by William Stansby. 1614.

IN PRAISE OF THAT NO-
BLE SCIENCE OF MUSICKE.

From glorious Sunne as gleame resplendent Rayes
So here from high Iehovah shines the arte
Of men, who best deserues Apollos bayes,
For Musickes skill, with me they beare a part.
All th'arts and Ayres from three sweet Notes deriv'd
From base ascent are curiously contrin'd.

In honour of the blessed Trinity,
If Note and verse, if blossomes, tree and fruit,
Do yeeld due prayse vnto the Deitie,
Both they and I, wee all obtaine our suite.
What faults you finde in verse, or scapes by pen,
Will: Leight on me, but prayse these worthy men.



Sir William Leighton Knight.

As from one Minum Musicke takes her name,
 From whence t'escend as all the parts doe rise,
 As from three Notes, this skillfull Musicke came,
 And Moode and concorde from these Symphonies,
 So Father, Sonne and holy Ghost combine,
 Are persons three, yet but one God diuine,

To persons three, and that one God I mine,
That every where hath his circumference,
All thanks and prayse let every man resign,
And knowledge all good gifts to come from thence,
Since Musicks rarest Artists cheare my Muse,
I care not who my want of skill accuse.

Let this graue Musicke giue your cares content,
Sith Musickes Art is drawne from this concept.



TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTIE, CHARLES PRINCE OF GREAT
BRITTAINE, &c.



Oft mighty and illustrious Prince, the hopefull expectation of the continuant Britanicke Monarchy, after my long attendance vpon Maiesty in the English Court, where I was authorized to beare an axe in the fellowship of the Honourable band of Gentlemen Pentioners in Ordinary vnder two so great Princes, as was, and is your unparalleled father, my now annointed Soueraigne, and the late Princesse, my then most gracious Mistrisse, hauing for the later dayes of my age, vndergone many extremitie and oppressions, of withholding from mee many rights, and iniuriously forcing me to prison by wrong doing, and hard hearted aduersaries; to whom I was not indebted at all, where of patience (as of a gentle Mistrisse) I haue learned much, and haue had a perfect suruey of my selfe, and the true experience of those certitudes, that the Court and my former prosperous dayes could not afforde, and to vaine youth seemed incredible, where coldnes of friendes, preuailing malice of enemies, strangenes of acquaintance, the sting of sinne, the worme of conscience, for by-past vaine spending of time and actions, prospecting to nothing but the horrid gulfe of both and everlasting perdition, were presented vnto me, and hauing no other comfort left, in present desperation, but a hopefull assurance onely in the mercies of a pious and sauing God, and so carried into a sea of that supreme bounty, & admiring what man should be, that God should so freely poure forth himselfe for his reward without all deservings: I in token of my particular thankfulness, vnder your gracious protection, composed and set forth some meditations and hymnes in meetre, to Psalmize his laudes and prayses that createth and maintaineth Maiesty in euery Monarchy, and by it life and safety, in euery subiect: In which worke, as I then promised a second labour: so now I presume to present before your powerfull protection a concordance of harmony of various Ayres, some of them by my selfe, the other by

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

famous Artists of that sublime profession, where warbling forth of differences of affections, may seeme Apollos infinite siluer tuned strings, with the assent of the Muses, all taking from one Origine, and deuided into such subdeuided changes, in full consent to reuert, where hence it first proceeded, and peaceably to end and agree in one and the same.

In which consort, if it shall please your Grace, vnder your warrant to authorize my infirmities, to beare though the meanest part, and to inuite all the faithfull of your Fathers most sacred Maiesties subiects, with like harmonious assent of heart, parted into so many seuerall Tabernacles, and with him, you and all hereby, not only to honour, laud & praise Almighty God for what benefites and happinesse, all doe and shall receiue by the gouernement of the Annointed David of our Israel, but also incessantly to begge at the diuine mercy seat, that for his mansuetude, there want not a wise Salomon to succeede, raigne and inherite his throne and seate: I haue then already attained to the height of my ambition, and hearty desire, and to the party thereof: I oblige my selfe to the end of my life, as duty bindeth; Humbly craving pardon, for what euer herein to your Excellency may seeme vnpleasing.

Your Highnes

most humble seruant,

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.





TO THE TRUE DEVOTED
READER.

ALL curious quaint habiliments exil'd,
In humblest habit now my verse compil'd,
Like a poore Pilgrime, all alone I stand,
Taking my iorney to the Holy-Land,
And faine would haue since thus transported hither,
All sorts, all sects, associate me thither:
But all (alas. woe worth) doe me disdain,
And on my Palmers weeds with scorne complaine,
Vpbraiding me, that I in time of yore,
Triumphant vertues vestures viuely wore.
What though those lines, a prisoners pace now walk,
Which whilom did in courtly measure stalker?
To open view now they expose their fautes,
Though like a weakeling that on crouches hautes,
The fading flower those youthfull times,
Now rest of power bewailes her ruthfull crimes,

And ruminating on a sea of sinne,
Bewraies without, what her betraies within,
Then with my Poems playnesse wract dispence,
Deuourd in zeale, is oft distract in sence.
Let not the rashnes of demolisht time
Explode my harshnes, and vnpolisht rime,
Nor shun me now, though I like lowly Job,
This leprous corps of sinne with rags enrobe,
But sit by me, read me, and turne me ore,
And with thine vnguent gently salue my soare.
Within this Port, weel'e anchor safe from rockes
From swelling billowes, raging gusts and shoeks,
Till *Thetis Halcion*, *Neptunes* force doth hayle,
Then shall our gallion spread a loft ier saile,
And from outragious stormes, and tempests stand,
For safe ariuall in the holy land.



Idillion in eximii Militis LEIGHTONIS laudem.

THESE dulcid layes which here thy Muse doth sing
Sound most melodious to the heavenly King:
Thy zealous Emulation here aspires,
To parallell thy selfe in Angels quires.
If such Ambition from thy Muse can glide,
Be more ambitious, 'tis a heavenly pride,
Still with this emulation thee inuest,
For 'tis a habit that becomes thee best,
And as thy selfe, thy selfe doth most controll,
Seeming afflicted with a wounded soule,
Know for thy comfort, thus *Iehonah* cries,
Offer to me a living sacrifice.
Then these Oblations are more pleasing notes,
Then flesh of Bulls, and many thousand goates,
To him that saith in his diuine behest,

Giue me thy heart, then shalt thou please me best.
Better then he who all at once exhausts,
Chiliads of *Hecatombs* and *Holocausts*,
Not weighs he Psalmes composures prickt by art,
Till first the Psalmists soule be prickt in heart,
Then yeeld thy simphonies, which best accord
With *Dauids* harmonies that please the Lord:
As when the women sung this sweet *Idillion*,
(*Saul* slew his thousand, *Dauid* slew his million)
Hold on thy course, and be assurde at last,
Heauens will raise thee some *Encomiast*,
That like *Apollo's* Pean shall disperse
The sacred Diapason of thy verse:
In spight of *Zealisse Zoilus* all abroad,
And make proud *Momus* chaunt his palinode.

ED. COOKE.

In laudem Authoris, & presentis operis sui, ANTONII DIET ARM.

1 All euill deedes in darkenes doe delight.
The perfect good surmounts the sunshine bright
The Cardinall vertues, yeeld to them their right,
Doe vertues lead that are diuine in sight,
The former frame to honesty of life,
The latter are to soules saluati on rise.
2 The former hath our Author lately showne,
In golden verse and matter choicely apt:
The latter leading vnto heauenly throne,

Will be applauded, as the onely, that
Doth ioyes Angelicall and eternall blisse,
By sweet repenting bring from darke abyffe.
3 Names doe the nature of the man declare,
Leighton our Authors name from true light floweth,
To blisse the way to show he doth not spare,
His name eternall therefore each man knoweth,
God grant the soile where these good seedes do fall,
May bring forth fruit to rid the soule from thrall.

Unto the troubles and sorrowes of the worthy Knight, Sir

WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

C Hrist's yoake is sweet, see how it works the heart,
with steams of sigh's, with throws of supplicatiō,
Say *well-i am* when griefes *Leight on* my part.

Soules are sublim'd, in fire of tribulation.
No maruell Marble weepes on gloomy day:
Since griefe yeeldes Hunny dewes, grieffe to allay.

IO. LAYFIELD.

In laudem Authoris.

T HIs is the second time thou hast appear'd,
in publike Print, well willing, worthy knight,
First thy triumphant vertue, highly rear'd
thy fame aboute our moderne Poets flight.
For why? those lines (in serious wise I write)
do with such generall learning richly shine,
As if some blessed or celestiall spright,

possessed had, that heart and soule of thine.
But in this second worke, much more Diuine,
thy Lamentations wofully composed,
Thou dost thy thoughts, in such low verse combine,
as wondrous skill thou hast in them disclosed.
That men may see, thou canst write high or low,
in both so well, as none thy worth can show.

IO. LEPTON.

To the right Worshipfull Sir WILLIAM LEIGHTON Knight,

his endeared friend and kinsman, concerning his diuine Lamentations.

E Ven as some curious Image wrought in gold,
Is a rich obie& stately to behold:
And wee not onely doe the wealth desire,
But doe as much the workmanship admire.
Yet if it turn'd be, to a vse prophane,
What men did loue, as soone they loath the same,
For all the cost and curious art bestowde
Is counted base, if worship to be show'd.
So stately poesy oft is put in vse,
To sing lasciuiously her owne abuse:
And being rich and curious, often times,
Is wrongde with base & soule vnchristian rimes.
Then Poets all, this heauenly verse come view,
Which brings sweet Art and ripe conceits to you,
And doth thereby your Poetrie refine,
And teach it how for to become Diuine,

A second *Dauid* here soules health doth sing,
And thereby honor doth to Poets bring.
Here is no forged tale of loue or lust,
To sot the simple, and deceiue the most,
No ticing baud, or soule abusing scoule.
No Art of loue, but physicke for thy soule,
He that the Cardinall vertues late did bring,
For to vse conference with our mighty King:
Now likewise brings a liuely verse to winne,
Faith vnto all, that all may hate their sinne.
The flinty eye this worthy Knight doth moue,
To shed salt teares, for wronging him aboute,
And as himselfe, so is his verse like wise,
Most diuine, noble, ciuill, good and wise,
Then let no blasting tong abuse the tree,
That beareth fruit to saue thy soule and thee.

AR. HOPTON.

In laudem Authoris.

MVsicke is then diuine, and not but then,
When words, & notes in aptnesse do concord,
Composed so by zealous cunning men,
As words and Notes both praise the heauenly Lord.
Such Musicke is diuine, and none but such,
Be Art, conceit, and cunning ne're so much.

And such is worthy *Leightons* true intention,
Whose heauen-bred Muse, & Musicke do conspire,
Both to demonstrate his Diuine inuention,
And to illustrate his most iust desire.
Oh, let not then his patterne be neglected,
Who hath Gods prayse, by notes to him directed.

LUKE IONES.

Vpon this Excellent and diuine Worke.

IF that be true the Poet doth auerre,
Who loues not Musicke and the heauenly Muse,
That man God hates, why may wee not inferre?
Such as that skill vnto his praise doe vse,
Are heauenly fauorde, when (as Angels) breath,
High Mysteries in lowly tunes beneath.

Such was that sweetest Singer Israels King,
Whom after his owne heart the Lord did chuse,
And many moe that did diuinely sing,
To whom be added thy deuote Muse,
Who while she soundes her great Creators prayse,
Doth her owne fame next his high glory raise.

I. D.

Lectori in Librum egregii Militis GVLIELMI LEIGHTON,

T. THOMAS BVRT, Verbi sacri Concionalor.

CHilad's of Bookes, and *Illiad's* full of paines,
In Riming ryot spent in this age quicknesse,
Neglecting grace, respecting godlesse gaines,
Are *Symptoms* of this worlds most deadly sicknes.
What witty spirits, their spirits haue euen exhausted,
In lustfull layes, and pretious time haue wasted?
But here behold (against the common course)
A birde of Paradise heauenly Hymnes doth carpe,
By sense of sinne and conscience true remorse.
This Knight in Key of grace tunes *Davids* harpe:
And (though in lowly and submissiue verse)
With his laments the highest heauens doth pierce,
Teares, prayers, plaints, may draw, moue, mollifie
The ruthlesse most relentlesse hardest heart,
Teares, prayers, plaints, heart, soule & mind with cries,

Here offer, sacrifice, and still impart,
Hear's fainting, falling, dying, and reuiuing,
Hear's death on death, and yet life euerliuing,
Gainst all temptations heart's th'apologie.
Here is a stay against all desperation,
Gainst all soules sicknes, here giues learn'd Theology,
Cure, comfort, cordials, preseruatiue,
Yea in this booke (a Paradise diuine)
Are all herbes for soules, meate and medicine.
The matter, meetre, manner, man and muse,
Doe shew zeale, loue, faith, hope, and true deuotions
Sad *Elegies*, and *enargies* to vse,
(Euen as Gods spirit in vs shall make the motion,)
To conquire sinne, flesh, world, death, Diuell and hel,
Through Christ, And bid this wicked world farewell.

THOMAS BVRT.

In laudem Authoris.

ONe without time began, and so begate
A second, and from both a third proceeded,
Each one to other euer did relate,

Harmonious vnity no way diuided,
So those that concord's tune, displease no sense.
But of the Muses merit recompence.

IO. PARRY, Esquier.

In laudem Authoris.

O Whether doth thy Muse transported lie,
Kind brother *Leighton* who so sweetly singst,
Such sacred Sonets to the King of Kings,
Rapt in celestiaall contemplation he,
For matter, meetre, notes and all agree,

To please our eares with holy heavenly things,
Which both to sence and soule contentment brings,
Such be thy tunes, and such thy ditties be,
But farre be these thy true contrition such,
As my harsh pen can neuer prayle too much.

Thy louing friend,

TO. MORAY.

To my right Worthy, Worshipfull and learned cosen, Sir

WILLIAM LEIGHTON Knight.

T Hou from affliction hast learnd truest ioy,
And heavenly pleasure stoln from worlds annoy:
For holy Hymnes first worded with Gods praise,
Thou sugrest now with most harmonious layes,

And sweetest sound to sacred sence doest marry,
So from precedent penes thou prayle doest carry,
And by confinement, in a little space,
Hast bought throughout the world a lasting grace.

CAR. BEST *de med. Temp. Arm.*

Lectori, in Hymnos & Cantiones Sacras viri venerabilis GVLIELMI

LEIGHTON Simon Sturteuant Diuini verbi Concionator & rudis sumus

*A Dodecaedron of the sixe Muscicall Notes, in imitation of
DAVIDS Alphabeticall Psalmes.*

To the glory of
the Triuinitie
as in I AM
Exod. Apo.

♦ Vr-ter with feare I A H - a; awfull prayfes, ♦
♦ Re-pent, reforme thy former wicked wayes, ♦
♦ My-Faith apply Christ death gainst al despaire, ♦
♦ Fa-uour whats iust, and men that righteous are, ♦
♦ Soule take no rest till thou depart away: ♦
♦ La-bour for life that neuer shall decay. ♦
♦ La-bour for life that neuer shall decay. ♦
♦ Soule take no rest till thou depart away, ♦
♦ Fa-uour whats iust, and men that righteous are, ♦
♦ My- Faith apply Christs death gainst all despaire, ♦
♦ Re-pent, reforme thy former wicked wayes, ♦
♦ Vr-ter with feare I A H - a; awfull prayse. ♦

A Dodecaedron of the three worthy Psalmists.

VV As euer LIGHT-ON Table set before,
Or oile in lamp powrd in such p'etuous store
To light our men with heavenly dulced Layes,
In English tong, since worthy CEDMONS daies,
Whose singing spirit hath Light-on this good knight
To shine to vs that loue to walke in night.

O Gentry vaine that still in darknes lurks,
Behold now see his grace, his fruit, his works;
Him imitate, imblase your Makers prayle.
God bleffe you euer to such vertuous wayes,
Why? doe not shame in Psalmes to shew your art,
T was *Dauids* fame, a man of Gods owne heart.

* Cedmon diuina gratia specialiter insignis Carmina Religioni & Pietati apta facere solebat.
Cetera pete ex Bede Historia Anglorum gentis. Lib. 4. Cap. 24.

Note that this Muscicall Booke inserteth onely the first staffe of the Hymne or Psalm: but it is the Authors intention that in the practise of this heavenly harmonious exercise, some one in the company should out of his other Printed booke read the other stanes to them that play and sing.



A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS CONTAINED IN

THIS BOOK.

A Table of the Consort Songs

1. <i>O Louing God and father deere.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	10 <i>Thou God of might hast.</i>	John Milton.
2. <i>Come let vs sing to God.</i>	Sir William Leighton.	11 <i>Teelde vnto God the Lord.</i>	Rob. Johnson
3. <i>My soule doth long and.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	12 <i>Almighty God which hast.</i>	Thom. Foorde.
4. <i>In thee O Lord I put my trust.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	13 <i>Alasse that I offended euer</i>	Edm. Hooper.
5. <i>Thou art my God thy helps at.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	14 <i>O God to whom all hearts are.</i>	R. Kinderley.
6. <i>Almighty God which hast.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	15 <i>Almighty Lord and God of loue.</i>	Nat. Gyles.
7. <i>I cannot Lord excuse my sinne.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	16 <i>He lie me downe to sleepe.</i>	Io. Cuperario.
8. <i>O Lord thy names most excellent.</i>	Sir W. Leighton.	17 <i>Attend vnto my teares O Lord.</i>	Io. Bull. D. M.
9. <i>An heart thats broken & contrite.</i>	J. Dowland B.M.		

A Table of 4. Parts for Voyces.

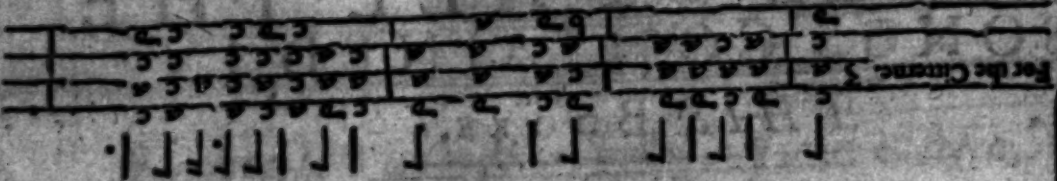
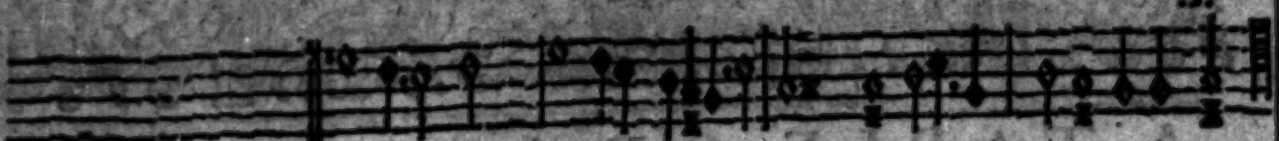
1. <i>Looke downe O Lord.</i>	William Byrde.	7. <i>Most mighty and all.</i>	Thomas Weelkes B.M.
2. <i>Hidden O Lord.</i>	Francis Pilkington, B.M.	8. <i>O let my treade.</i>	John Warde.
3. <i>O Lord giue care.</i>	Thomas Lupo.	9. <i>I am quite tired.</i>	John Wilbye.
4. <i>Let thy saluation.</i>	R. Jones B.M.	10. <i>What shall I render.</i>	Rob. Jones B.M.
5. <i>O God that no time.</i>	Martin Peerson B.M.	11. <i>In thee O Lord.</i>	Alfonso Ferrabosco.
6. <i>O Lord how doe my woes.</i>	Orlando Gibbons.	12. <i>Be vnto me.</i>	William Byrde.

A Table of the Songs of 5. Parts for Voyces.

1. <i>Laid me downe.</i>	William Byrde.	13. <i>Not vnto vs.</i>	Thomas Foorde.
2. <i>O Lord come pittie.</i>	Alfonso Ferrabosco.	14. <i>Lord ouer bridle.</i>	Martin Peerson B.M.
3. <i>Attend vnto my teares.</i>	John Bull. D.M.	15. <i>O had I wings.</i>	John Milton.
4. <i>O Lord behold my miseries.</i>	John Milton.	16. <i>Lament lament.</i>	R. Jones B.M.
5. <i>High mighty God.</i>	Francis Pilkington B.M.	17. <i>O Lord consider.</i>	John Warde.
6. <i>O Lord lift my heart.</i>	Orlando Gibbons.	18. <i>O God the rocke.</i>	John Wilbye.
7. <i>Well-spring of bounty.</i>	Edm. Hooper B.M.	19. <i>I shal be at mine.</i>	John Dowland B.M.
8. <i>The cause of death.</i>	Thomas Lupo.	20. <i>If thou sinners sight.</i>	John Milton.
9. <i>O let me as thy.</i>	Martin Peerson B.M.	21. <i>Judge them O Lord.</i>	Rob. Kinderley.
10. <i>O Lord how doe my woes.</i>	John Cuperario.	22. <i>Come helpe O God.</i>	William Byrde.
11. <i>O happy he.</i>	Thomas Weelkes B.M.	23. <i>O Lord come pittie.</i>	Timolphus Thepoll.
12. <i>Save me O Lord.</i>	Rob. Johnson.	24. <i>In depth no man.</i>	Alfonso Ferrabosco.



for Iesus sake my prayers heare and hearken what my soule shall say.



Louing God and father deare, I humbly thee beseech & pray


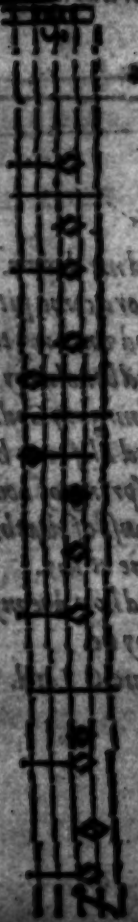


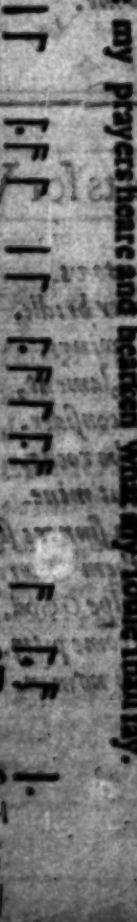
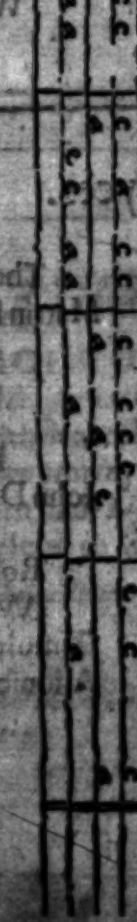



4 VOC. *Alles with a Flute.* *Sir William Leighes Knight.*

4 VOC.

Sir William Leighes Knight

louing God & father deare, I humbly thee be-
 seech & pray for Iesus sake my prayers heare and hearken what my soule shall say.

Take my prayers heare, and hearken what my soule shall say

Loving God and father deere, I humbly thee beseech, and pray for Iesus

Sir William Leighton Knight

With a lute

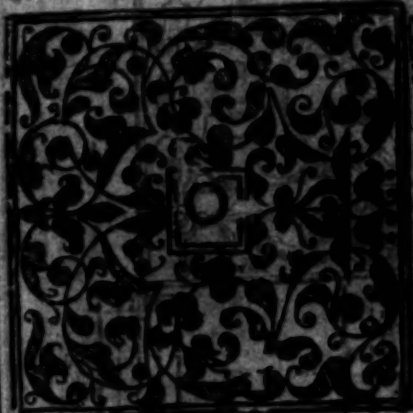
With a lute

Sir William Leighton Knight

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Cantus with the Tabbie Yell

Sir William Leighton Knight

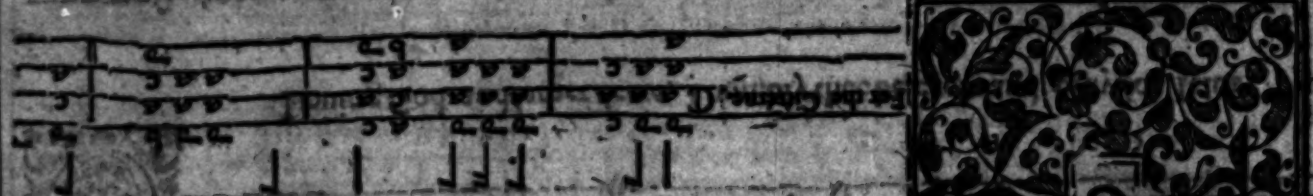


Loving God and father deere, I humbly thee beseech

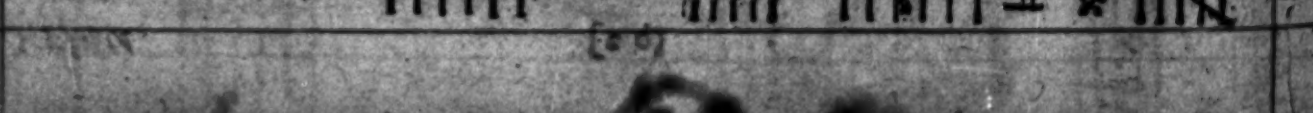
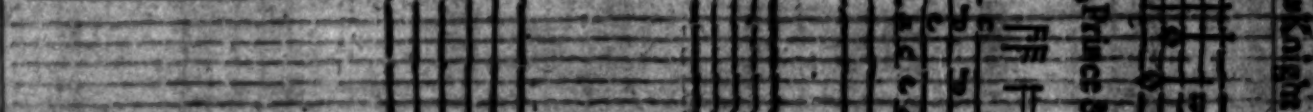
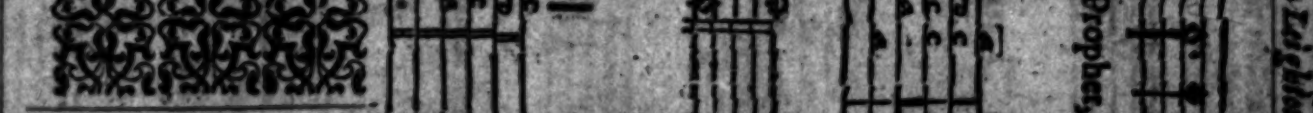
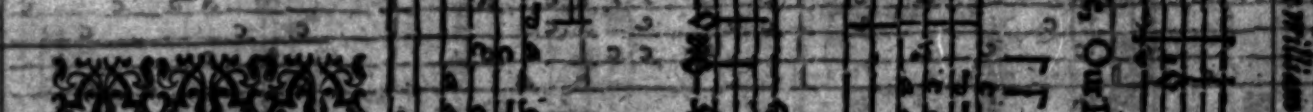
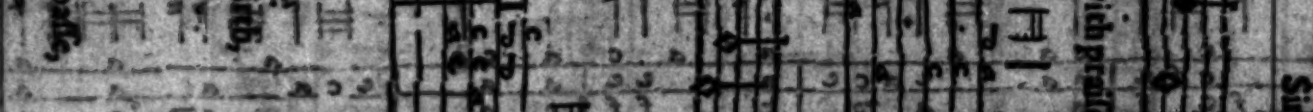
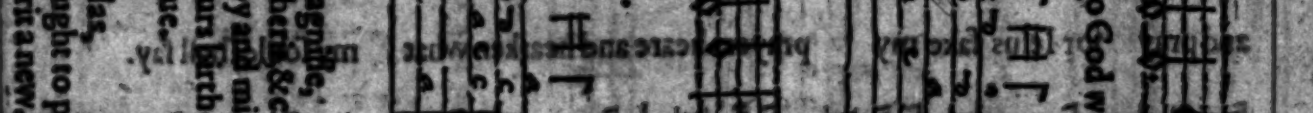
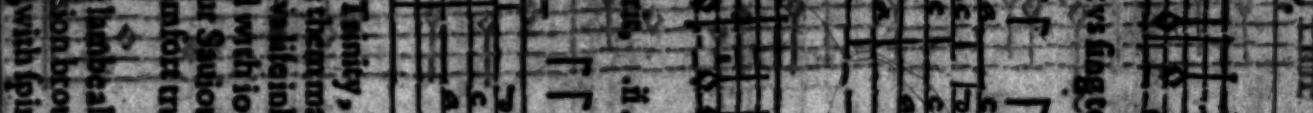
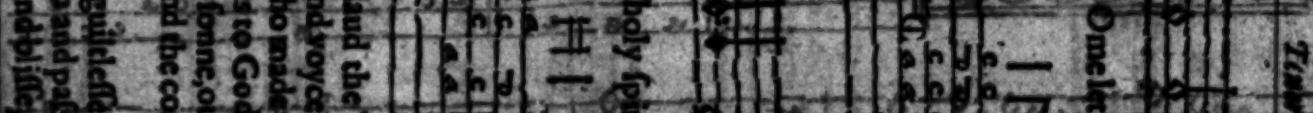
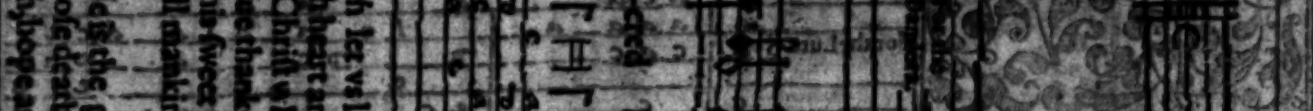
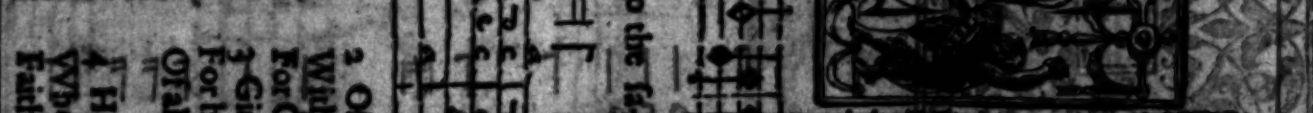
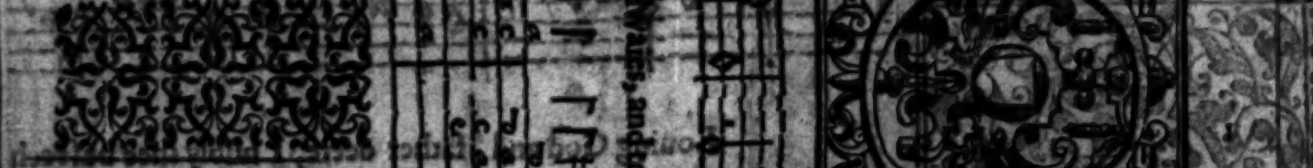
and pray for Iesus take my prayers heare and hearken what my soule shall say.



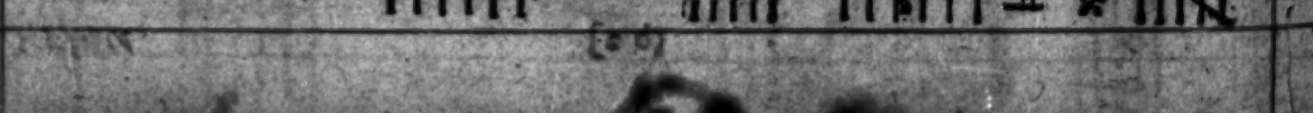
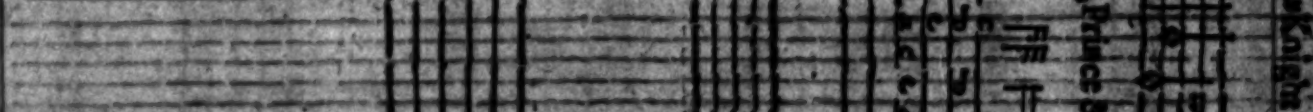
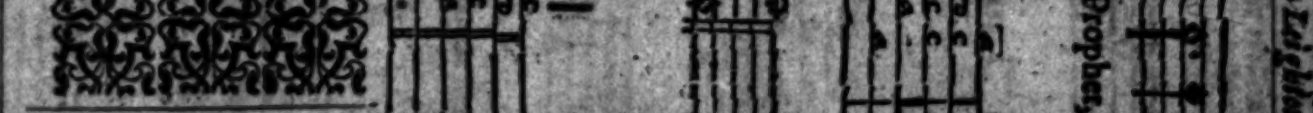
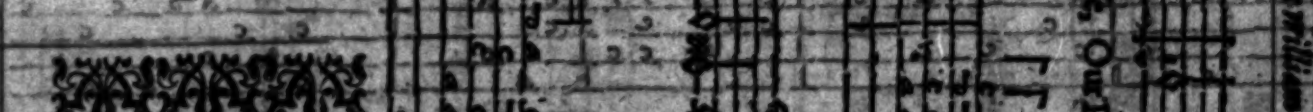
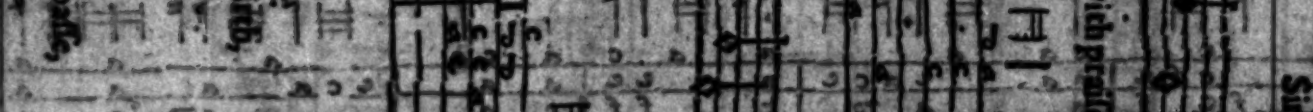
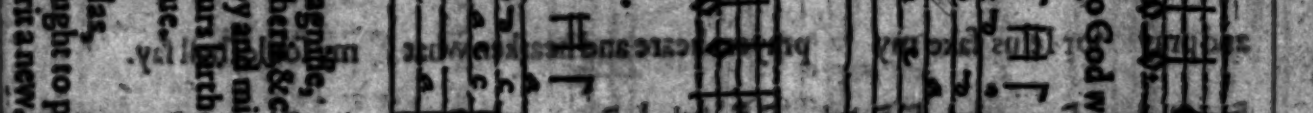
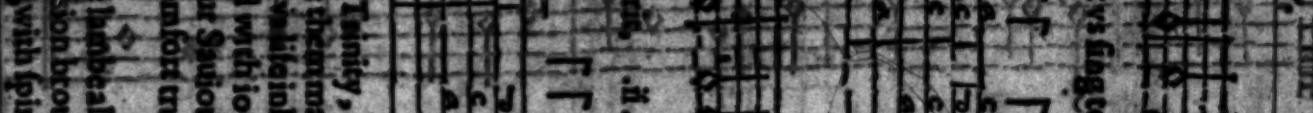
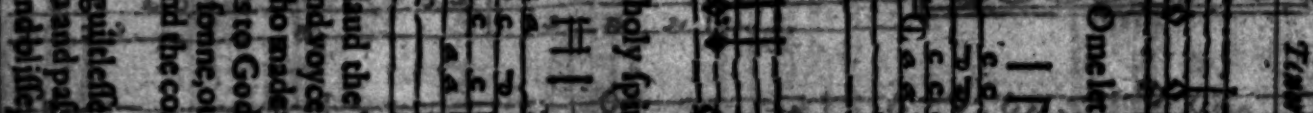
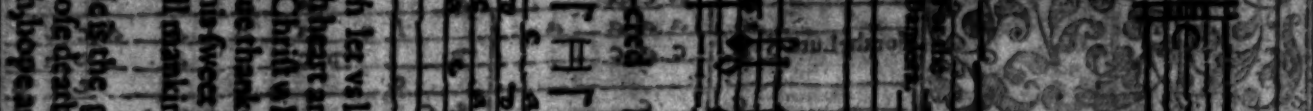
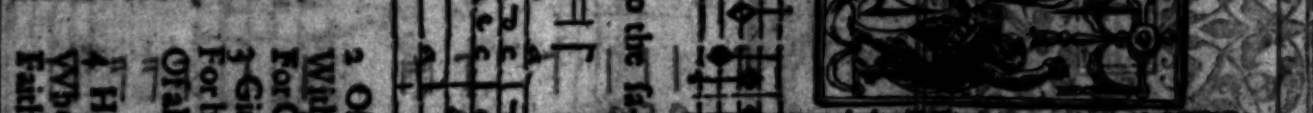
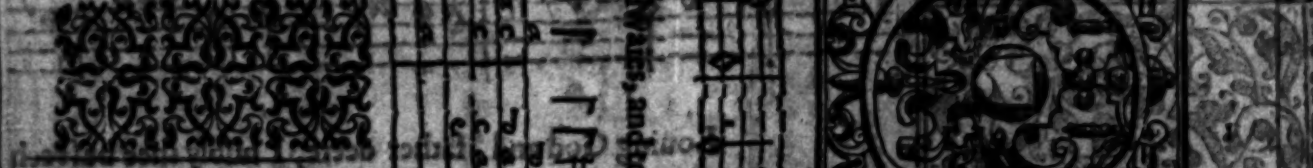
and Priest alwaies, and to the sacred holy spirit, II.



4 VOC. *Alto with a Flute.* *Sir William Leighton Knight.*



4 VOC. *Timb.* *Sir William Leighton Knight.*



Priest alwaies, and to the sacred holy spirit, II.

1. Oh let vs laud the Trinity,
With heart and voice the hymn sing,
For Christ who made vs his inheritor,
3. Give thanks to God with joy and mirth,
For his sweet sonne, our Saviour birth,
Of all mankind the comfort true.

4. He is the guiltlesse Lamb of al,
Whole death and passion brought to passe,
Faith, hope and blisse with spirit a new.

always, and to the sacred holy spirit. ii.

4 VOC. Basses with a Basse Viol.

Om let vs sing to God with praye, Our Prophet, Prince and Priest

4 VOC. Cantus with a Treble Viol. Sir Walliam Leighton Knight

Om let vs sing to God with praise, our Prophet, Prince & priest

always, and to the sacred holy spirit.



Y fonde doth long, and shall de- pend for euer

For the Bandora.

on God enertising God shall begin & make an end that hath given all yet euer giuing.

Musical notation for the Tenor part, consisting of several staves with notes and rests.



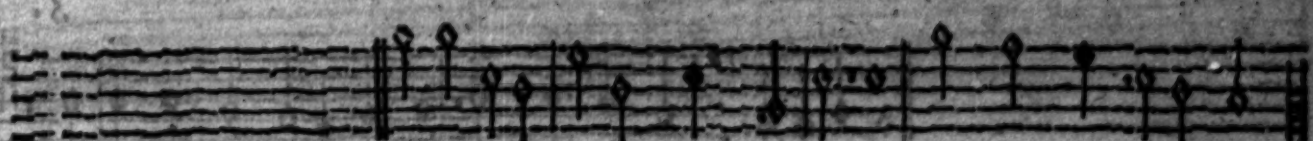
Y fonde doth long and shall de- pend for euer on God

Musical notation for the Flute part, consisting of several staves with notes and rests.

euer living, God shall be-gin, & make an end, that hath giu'n all yet euer giuing.



shall beginne, and make an end, that hath giuen all, yet euer giuing.



Yfoule doth long and shall depend for euer on God euer liuing, God



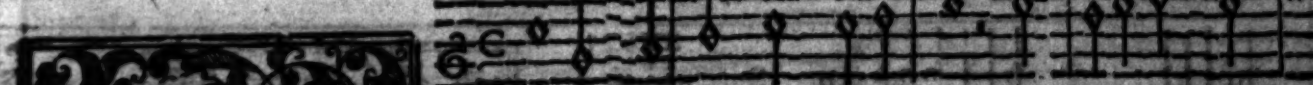
470C. Bassus with a Base Violl.



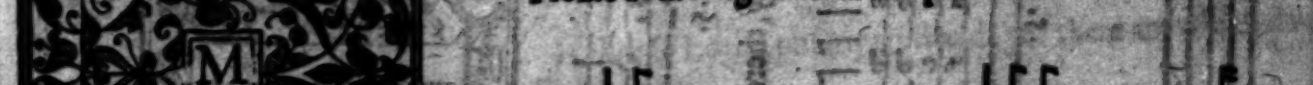
470C. Cantus with the Treble Violl.

Sir William Leighton Knight

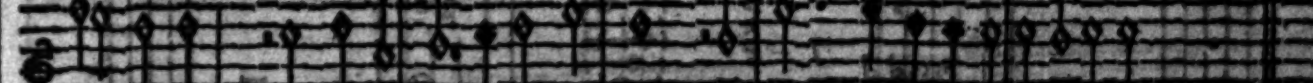
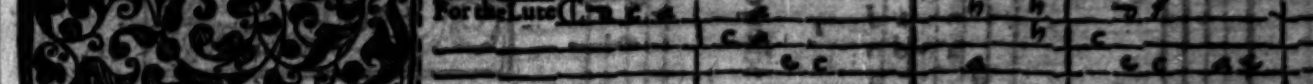
470C. Cantus with the Treble Violl.



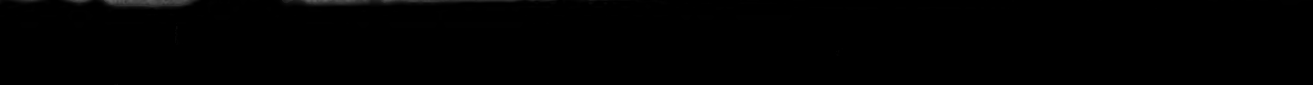
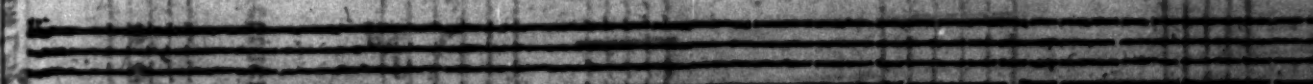
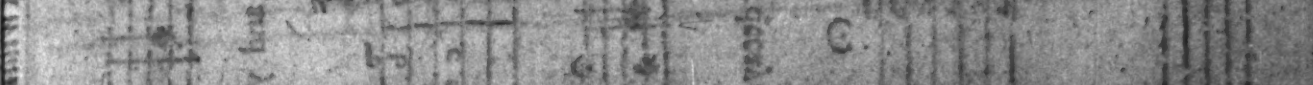
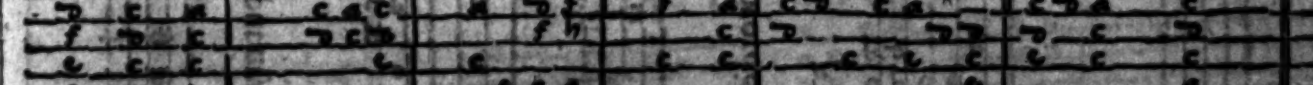
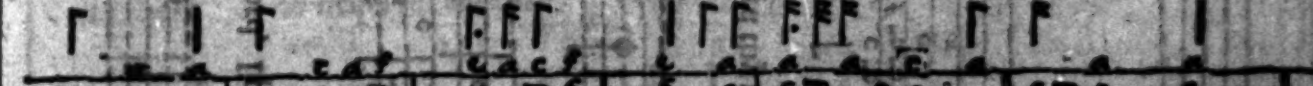
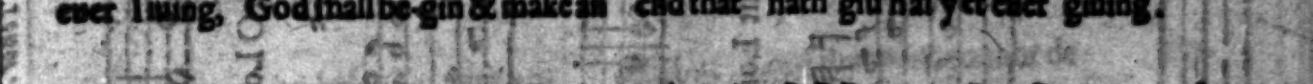
Yfoule doth long and shall depend for euer on God



For the Lute (Lute)



ever liuing, God shall be gin & make an end that hath giuen all yet euer giuing.





For the Basses.

N thec O Lord, I put my trust and yet there are which

dayly say, there is no helpe for me vn. iust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.

Musical notation for the Tenor part, consisting of several staves with notes and rests.

Sir William Leighton Knight.

Alles with a Flute.



N thec O Lord I put my trust and yet there are which dayly say,

there is no helpe for me vn. iust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.

Musical notation for the Soprano part, consisting of several staves with notes and rests.

no helpe for mee vniust, but Lord thy word cannot decay,

N thee O Lord I put my trust, and yet there are which dayly say, there is

Ballad with a Bass Viol.
Sir William Leighton Knight

4 VOC.

How my God, thy word, build me up, and yet there are which dayly say, there is

Cantus with a Treble Viol.
Sir William Leighton Knight

4 VOC.

N thee O Lord I put my trust and yet there are which dayly

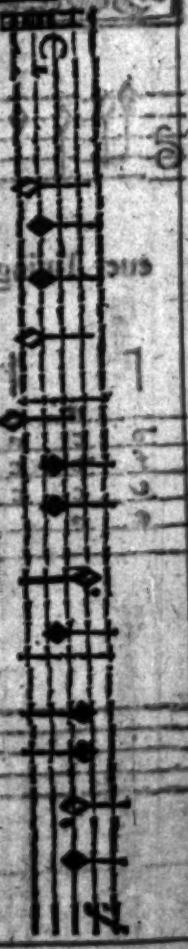
say, there is no helpe for mee vniust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.

For the Lute.

Vide fol. 85.

Tenor. Sir William Leighston Knight.

For the
Bass.

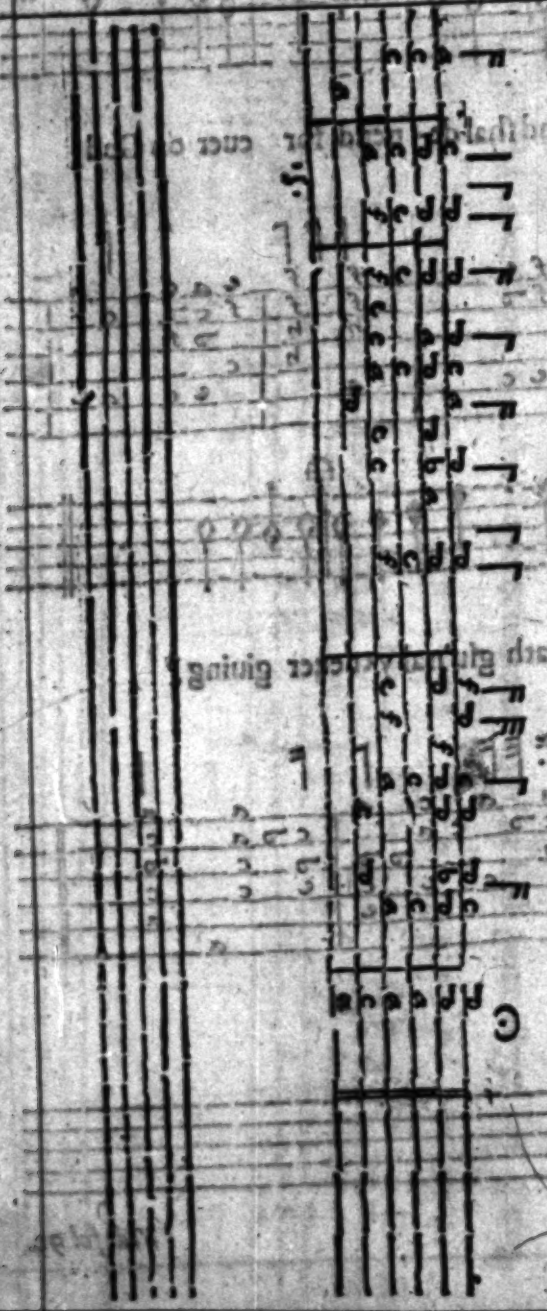


N thec O Lord, I put my trust and yet there are which

For the
Bass.



dayly say, there is no helpe for me yn. iust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.



4. VOC.

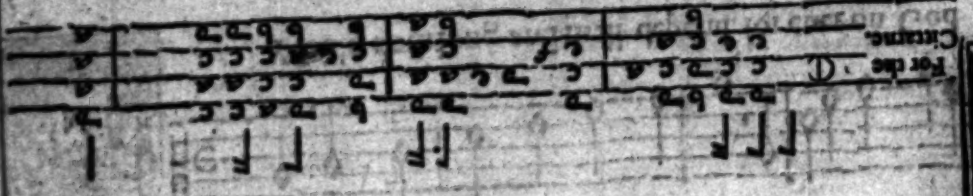
Alus with a Flute.

Sir William Leighston Knight.



N thec O Lord I put my trust and yet there are which dayly say,

For the
Bass.



there is no helpe for me yn. iust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.



111 1111 111 111

no helpe for mee vniust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.

N thee O Lord I put my trust, and yet there are which dayly



Sir William Leighton Knight

Cantus with a Bass Viol.

4. VOC.



Honour my God thy selfe, and yet there are which dayly

Cantus with a Treble Viol.

Sir William Leighton Knight

4. VOC.



N thee O Lord I put my trust and yet there are which dayly

For the Lute.

say, there is no helpe for mee vniust, but Lord thy word cannot decay.

Vide fol. 83.



Hon art my God, thy helps at hand, thou art a father thou knowst whē,
to give the state dost vnder-stand, of richeth kings & poorest men Praise thou the Lord my soule,
I say, Praise him. ii. now and alway.

Musical notation for the Tenor part, including a large decorated initial 'T' and the lyrics: "Hon art my God, thy helps at hand, thou art a father thou knowst whē, to give the state dost vnder-stand, of richeth kings & poorest men Praise thou the Lord my soule, I say, Praise him. ii. now and alway."



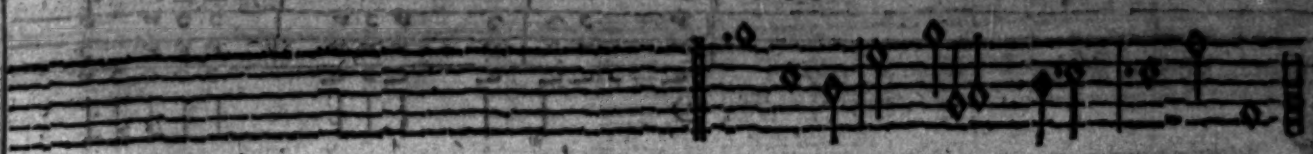
Hon art my God, thy helps at hand, thou art a father, thou knowst when

to give the state dost vnder-stand, of richeth kings & poorest men, Praise thou the Lord my

soule I say, prayse him. ii. now and alway.

Musical notation for the Alto part, including a large decorated initial 'H' and the lyrics: "Hon art my God, thy helps at hand, thou art a father, thou knowst when to give the state dost vnder-stand, of richeth kings & poorest men, Praise thou the Lord my soule I say, prayse him. ii. now and alway."

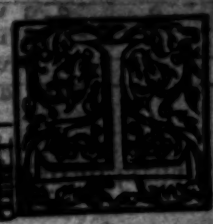
Soul I say, praye him. ii. now and alway.



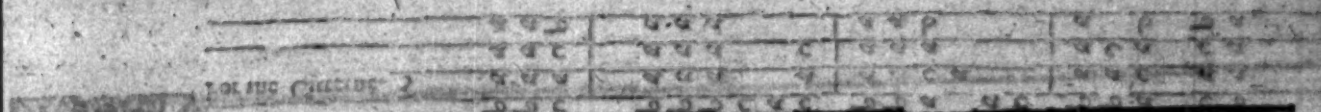
to give the state dost vnderstand, of richest kings and poorest men, Prayse thou the Lord my



Hou art my God thy helps at hand, thou art a Father, thou knowest when,



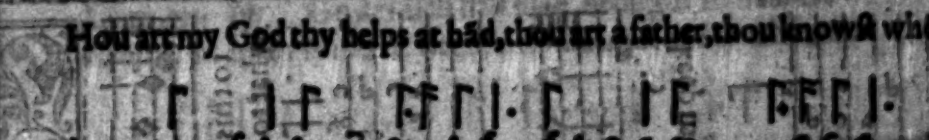
470C. Bassus with a Base Viol. Sir William Leighton Knight.



470C. Cantus with the Treble Viol. Sir William Leighton Knight.



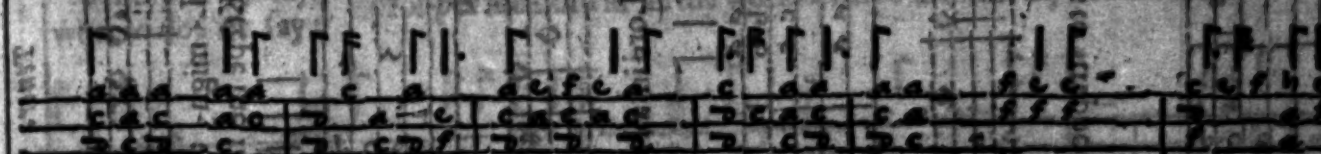
Hou art my God thy helps at hand, thou art a father, thou knowest when



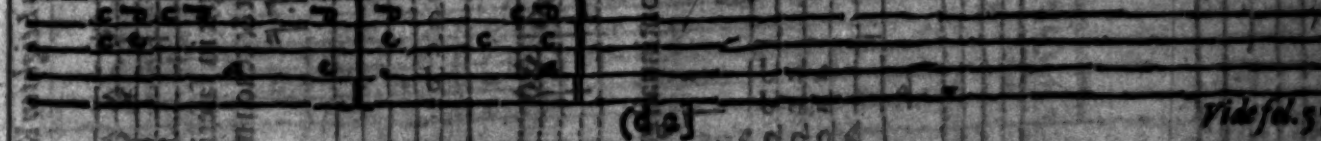
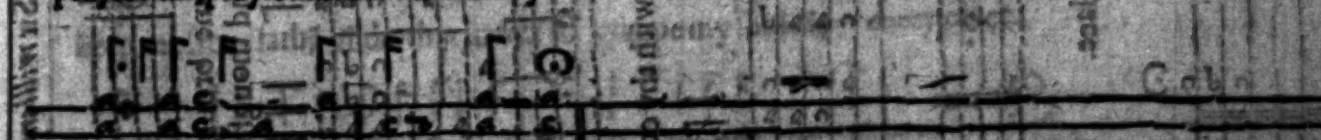
For the Lute



to give the state dost vnderstand of richest kings & poorest me. Praise thou the Lord my soul I say,



praise him, praise him now and alway.



Vide fol. 55.

For the Citterne. 3

Prosper me Lord in all my workes, help me with thy continuall grace, Kcepe me from sathan

L. mighty God which hast me broughte in safety, to this present day. Kcepe me from sinne in heart and thought & teach me what to do or say.

Alms with a flite.

Sir William Leghman Knight.



For the Bandora.

L. mighty God which hast me broughte in safety, to this present day. Kcepe me from sinne in heart and thought & teach me what to do or say.

prosper me Lord in all my workes, help me with thy continuall grace.

to this present day: what to doe or say:

keep me from sathan vylde charlukes to trappe my soule in every place.

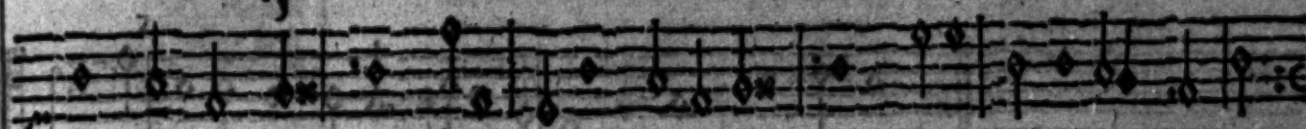
Sir William Leghman Knight.



than wilde that lurkes, to trappe my soule in euery place.



Prospere me Lord in all my workes, helpe me with thy continuall grace, keepe mee from Sa-



L. migh- ty God which hast me brought in safery to this present day.
Keepe me from sinne in heart and thought & teach me what to do or say.



4. VOC.

Bass with a Base Viell.

Six William Leighton Knight

Some the beginning of the song with a Lute.

VOC.

Cantus with a Treble Viell.

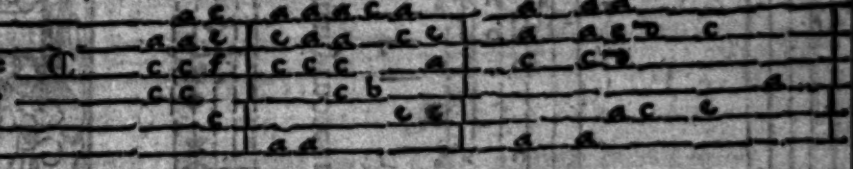
Six William Leighton Knight



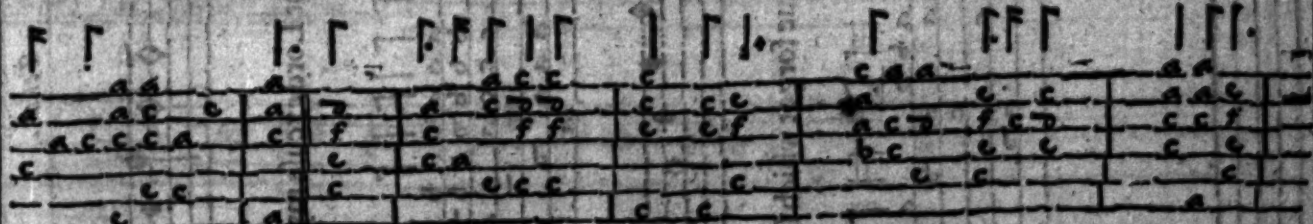
L. migh- ty God which hast mee brought in safe-ty
Keepe me from sinne in heart and thought and teach mee



For the
Lute.



to this present day:
what to doe or say: prof-per me Lord in all my workes, helpe me with thy continuall grace.



keep me from sathā vilde that lurkes to trappe my soule in euery place.



Vide folio 13.

4. VOC.

Alus with a Flute.

Sir William Leighton Knight.



Cannot Lord excuse my sinne, most infinite before mine
eyes, and many more are me within, I haue forgot which secret lies

4. VOC.

Tenor.

Sir William Leighton Knight.



Cannot Lord excuse my sinne most infinite before mine
eyes, and many more are me within, I haue forgot which secret lies



2. Which sleighly I haue occupat,
 as if they were no finnes at all:
 Thy wrath for them makes me agayn,
 to mercy I appeale for all.

3. There's no man liuing at this houre,
 can satisfaction giue for me:
 It is to farre beyond his power,
 of the least sinne to let me free.



more are me within, I haue forgot which secret lies.



Cannot Lord excuse my sinne, most infinite before mine eyes, and many



Sir William Leighton Knight.

Bassus with a Base Violl.

4 VOC.

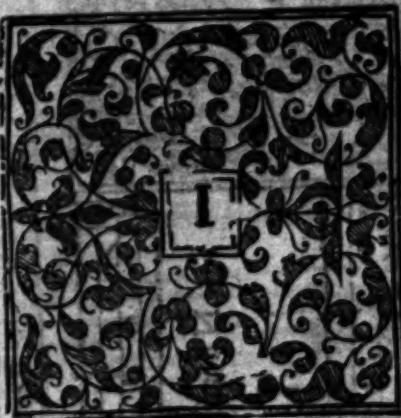
4 VOC.

Cantus with the Treble Violl.

Sir William Leighton Knight.



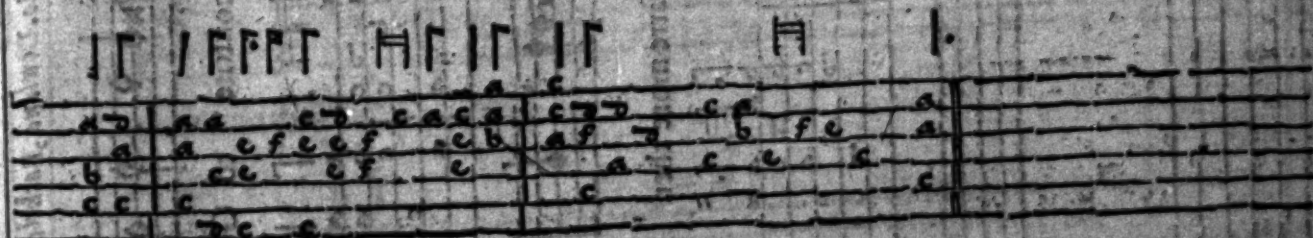
Cannot Lord excuse my sin, most infinite before mine



For the Lute



eyes, & many more are me within, I haue forgot which secret lies.



Vide fol. 71



N heart that broken and contrite to God is a

For the

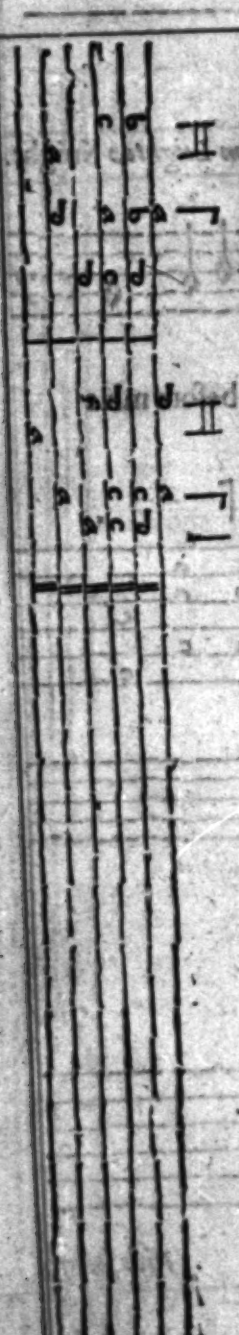
Banders.



sweet, a sweet, sweet sacrifice repentant sinners him delight farre more then



men, more then Iust me in their sight



N heart that broken, broken, and contrite, to God is a sweet a



For the



sweet sacrifice, repentant sinners him delight, far more, more then Iust me in their sight

What I have been, my God hath known,
 What I shall be to him is known;
 How I confesse to many years,
 Both he wees and minnes all appears,
 To God who marks my life and waies:

cant flourish him delight, farre more, more then in men in their sight.

Heart that is broken and contrite to God, is a sweet, sweet sacrifice, repen-

1. Dowland, Bachelor of Musicke

Bass with a Bass Viol.

4. VOC.

Cantus with the Treble Viol.

10. Dowland, Bachelor of Musicke.

4. VOC.



Heart that is broken and contrite to God is a

For the Lute

sweet, sweet sacrifice, repentant sinners him delight far more .ii. then

in men in their sight.

4. VOC.

Allus with a Flute.

Sir William Leighton Knight.

Lord thy names most excellent, in all the world thy glories spread

through heavens his and firmament, & by all creatures vndered.

For the Claret.

4. VOC.

Sir William Leighton Knight.

Lord thy names most excellent, in all the world thy glories spread, through heavens his & firmament, and by all creatures vndered.

For the Bandora.

1 In universall harmony,
 extoid in heauen and in earth:
 Expect in long and melody,
 With all alacrity and mirth.
 3 What thou beflow'st, what man can
 vpon vs lawes and longes of men:
 Vho by our finnes are faire put vnder,
 and creatures we can name by pen.



heavens his and firmament, and by all creatures vttered.

Lord thy names most excellent, in all the world thy glories spred, through hea-



4 VOC.
 Cantus with a Treble Viol.
 Sir William Leighton Knight



Lord thy names most excellent, in all the world thy

For the Lute.

glories spred, through beuens his and firmament, and by all creatures vttered.

470C.

Alms with a Plaine.

John Milson.

How God of might haſt chaſtend me, and me corrected with thy rod, woun-
 ded my ſoule with miſery. ii. wounded. ii. with miſery, and
 humbled mee to know my God.

470C.

Tenore, 1771.

John Milson.

How God of might haſt chaſtend me, & me corrected with thy rod, thy
 rod, wounded my ſoule with miſery, ii.
 with ii. & humbled mee to know my God.

to know my God.

ded my soule with misery wounded me, and humbled me

Hou God of might hast chastened me, and me corrected with thy rod, wound

Edo vno God the Lord on his right in the cloud

Bassus, with a Base Violl.

4 VOC.

John Milton

4 VOC.

Cantus with a Treble Violl.

John Milton.



Hou God of might hast chastened me, & me corrected with thy

rod, wounded my soule with miserie,

and humbled me to know, to know my God.

vide supra

the heavens & earth's sweet harmony, and tunes that are from motions sent

Eld unto God the Lord on his praise in the clouds & firmament

Alms with a Flute *R. Johnson*

John Milton *Canons with a Treble Viol*

Eld unto God the Lord on his praise in the cloudes and
 firmament, with heavens & earth's sweet har-
 mony, and tunes that are from motions sent

R. Johnson

3 Playe him with Simbals, loud Symbals,
 with instruments were made by Iewes:
 With futes and cythars making
 Let Harpe and Organs looth be found,
 of trumpets blaw into the skie:
 His laud be with the heauy found,

With heauens and earthes sweet harmony, and tunes which are from motions sent:

And vnto God the Lord on high, praise in the cloudes and firmament,

4 VOC. Bays, with a Baye Roll. R. Johnson

4 VOC. Cantor with the Treble Kioll. R. Johnson

Held vnto God the Lord on high, praise in the cloudes &

firmament, with heauens & earthes sweet harmony & tunes that are from motions sent.

day keep we to sin in hart and thought, and teach me what to doe and say.

For the Church.

Alas with a Flute.

Thomas Ford.

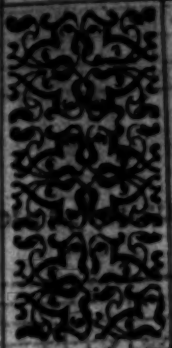
Vlmighty God which hath me brought in safety to this present

For the Band.

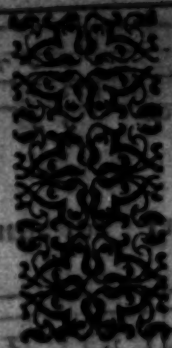
Almighty God which hath me brought in safety to this present

sent day, Keep me from sinne in hart and thought, & teach me what to doe and say.

Vlmighty God which hath me brought in safety to this present



3 Almighty Lord and God of love,
 direct mine heart and guide my wayes,
 Attend my voice, my mind and voice,
 from all that from thy glory stray.



3

2

from sinne in heart and thought, and teach mee what to doe and say.



Almighty God which hast me brought in safety to this present day, keep me

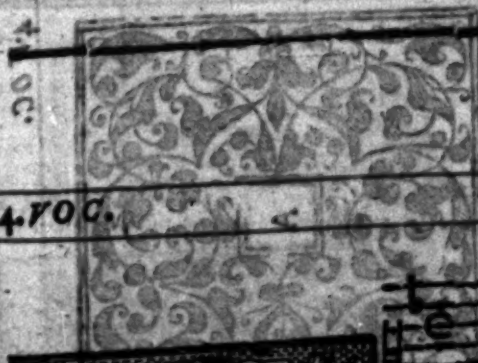


present day, keep me from sin in heart and thought, and teach mee what to doe and say.

4 VOC.

Bass, with a Bass Viol.

Thomas Forde



Cantus with a Treble Viol.

Thomas Forde



Almighty God which hast me brought in safety to this

present day, keep me from sin in heart and thought, and teach mee what to doe and say.

present day, keep me from sin in heart and thought, and teach mee what to doe and say.

present day, keep me from sin in heart and thought, and teach mee what to doe and say.

(b)

Vide fol. 13.

For the Current.

Alas with a Pluse.

Ed Hooper.

COV 4

For the Current.

Alas with a Pluse.

Ed Hooper.

COV 4

For the
Badgers.

Las that I offended
ever this God of

Gods this Lord of powers, that can in peccet
alright sinner, and over.

turn the callst to mercy.

Ed Hooper.

For the
Badgers.

Las that I offended
ever this God of

Gods this Lord of powers, that can in peccet
alright sinner, and over.

turn the callst to mercy.

Ed Hooper.

2. Ah woe is me that I offended,
 and justly God hirde vp to ire:
 Who by his law hath in condemned,
 vnto the pic of endlesse fire.
 3. I deely see Gods creatures all,
 how they are lined with galls,
 Whose hearts are hatred, and with gall,
 feede mee that haue offended thee.

in pecces all men shiner, and ouerturne the tallest towers.

Let that I offendeder this God of gods, this Lord of powers, that can

E. Hooper

4. VOC.

4. VOC.

Continued the Treble Violl.

E. Hooper

Las that I offen-ded euer this God of Gods

this Lord of powers, that can in pecces all menshines, and ouerturn the tallest towers

Vide fol. 22

5. my life re-forme, & mind make cleane, my spirit in-
 5. spire to becoming owne.

For the
 Chorus

God to whom all hearts are seen, and his de-lites are plainly known

Alas with a Place, 1584 & 1585

Re-Kinderley

4. P. O. C.

5. know my life reforme and mind make cleane, my spirit inspire to be thine, ayne.

God to whom all hearts are seen, & his de-lites are plainly known

For the
 Chorus

Re-Kinderley

my life reforme, and minde make cleane, my spirite inspire to bee thine owne,

God to whom all hearts are seene, and hid desires are plainly knowne,



4 VOC.

Bassus, with a Base Violl.

Re. Kindersley

4 VOC.

Cantus with the Treble Violl.

Re. Kindersley

God to whom all hearts are seene, & hid desires are plain

For the Lute.

ly known, my life reforme, & mind make cleane, my spirite inspire to bee thine owne.

4 VOC.

Alms with a Flute.

N. G. M.

V

For the
Clergy

Almighty Lord and God of love, direct my heart, and guide my
ways, amend my will, my mind remove from all that from thy glory stray.

5.

4 VOC.

Ten.

Michael Gyles

A

Almighty Lord & God of love direct my heart & guide my ways,

5.

amend my will, my mind remove from all that from thy glory stray.

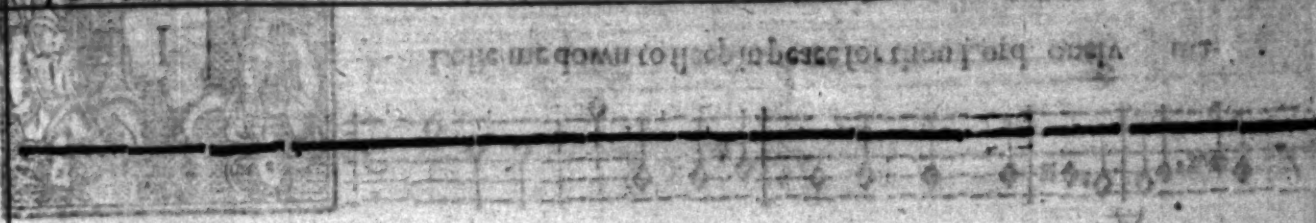
amend my wille, my mind remoue from all that from thy glory strays.



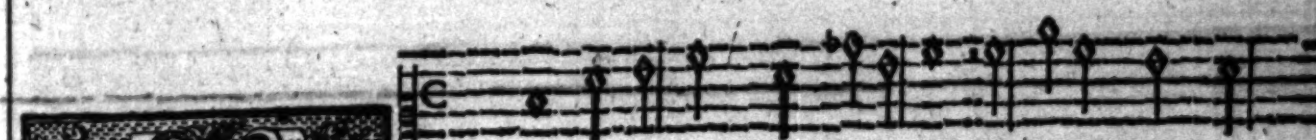
Almighty Lord and God of lone direct mine heart, and guide my waies,



4 VOC. Bass, with a Base Violl. N. Gyles.



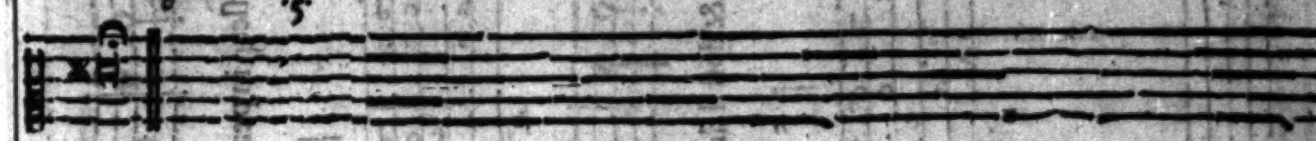
4 VOC. Cantus with a Treble Violl. N. Gyles.



Almighty Lord and God of lone direct mine heart, and



guide my waies, amend my wille, my mind remoue from all that from thy glo- ry



strays.



470C.

Alles with a Flute.

Captraria

For the
Citterne

Le lie me down to sleep in peace for thou Lord only ma-
ke me dwell in safetie with great quietnes, & doe not ill dreames from mee expell.

470C.

Tenor.

Captraria

For the
Bandora

Le lie me down to sleep in peace, for thou Lord only make me
make me dwell in safetie with great quietnes, & doe not ill dreames from mee expell.

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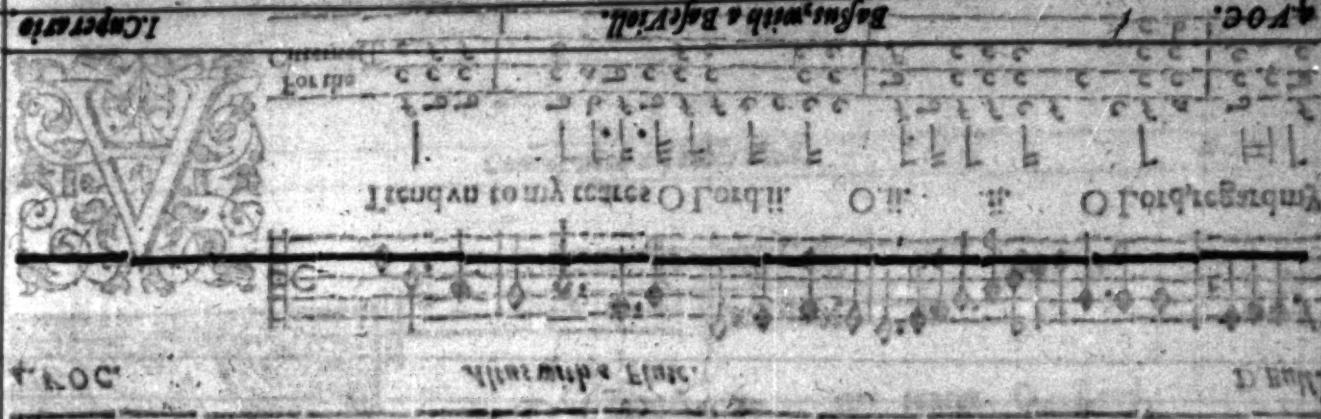
Handwritten text: *Lelle me down to sleep in peace for thou Lord onely make me dwell in*

Handwritten text: *facy with great quietnes, and doest ill dreames from mee expell.*



Handwritten text: *Lelle me down to sleep in peace for thou Lord onely make me dwell in*

Handwritten text: *facy with great quietnes, and doest ill dreames from mee expell.*




Handwritten text: *Lelle me down to sleep in peace, for thou Lord onely*

Handwritten text: *mak me dwell in facy with great quietnes, & doest ill dreames from mee expell.*



Handwritten text: *Lelle me down to sleep in peace, for thou Lord onely*

Handwritten text: *mak me dwell in facy with great quietnes, & doest ill dreames from mee expell.*



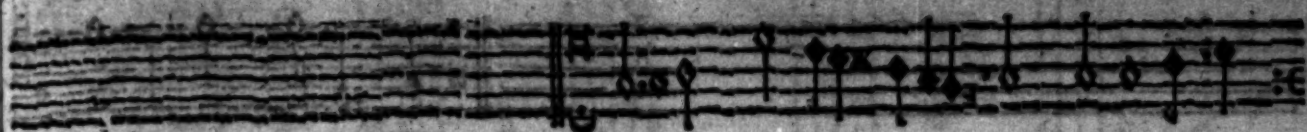
I tend vñ to my teares O Lord.ii. O.ii. O Lord, regard my
 wofull mone.ii. regard my wofull mone, & lecke to saue me by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne,
 am ouerthrowne. or I.ii. am.ii.

470C. *Alus with a Flute.* D. Bull.

I tend vñ to my teares O Lord.ii. O.ii. O Lord, regard my
 wofull mone.ii. regard my wofull mone, & lecke to saue me by thy word, by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne, am ouer
 throwne, or.ii. am.ii.

470C. D. Bull.

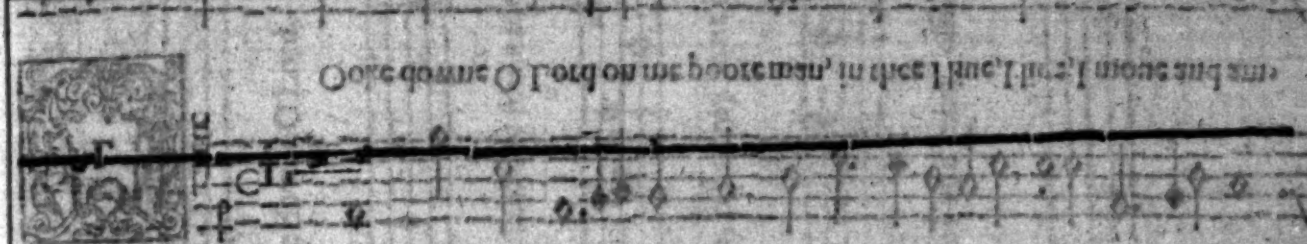
save me by thy word, or I am overthrown, am. ii.



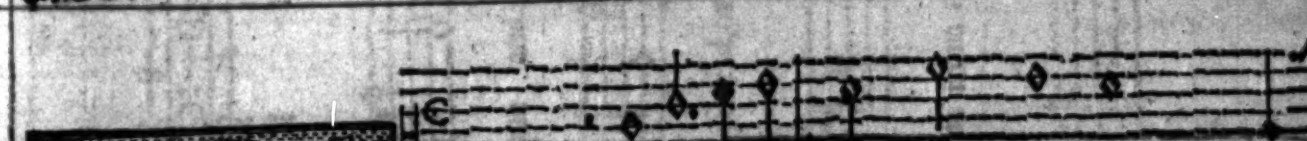
Tend unto my teares O Lord, regarde my wofull mone, my. ii. and seeke to



Save me by thy word, or I am overthrown, am. ii.



Save me by thy word, or I am overthrown, am. ii.



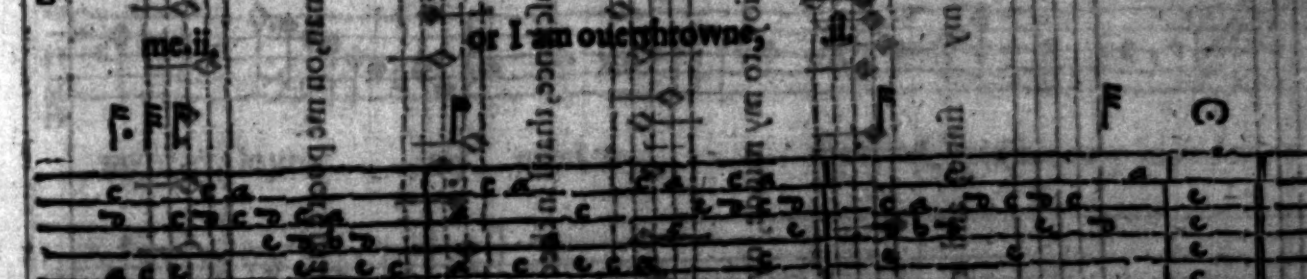
Tend unto my teares O Lord,



regarde my wofull mone and seeke to save mee by thy worde,



Save me by thy word, or I am overthrown, am. ii.




Save me by thy word, or I am overthrown, am. ii.




 Ooke downe O Lord on me poore man, in thee I liue, I moue and am
 O cleare my soule and conscience, that I in thee my peace may find, rest to my
 heart, joy to my mind, my mind, freed from my sinne, and mine
 offence, from my sinne and mine offence.

W. Byrd.



 O Lord on me poore man, in thee I liue, I moue and am



 Ooke downe O Lord on me poore man, in thee I liue, I moue and am
 O cleare my soule and conscience, that I in thee my peace may find, rest to my heart, joy to my mind, joy to
 my mind, freed from my sinne and mine offence, from my sinne, and mine
 offence.

W. Byrd.

4. VOC.



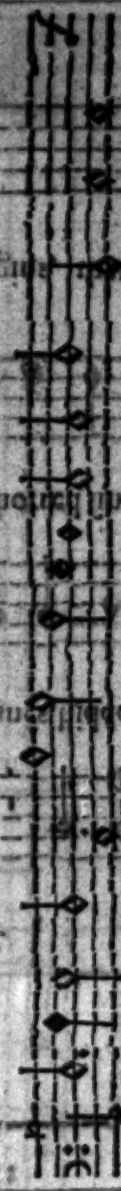
Ooke downe O Lord, on mee poore man, in thee I liue,



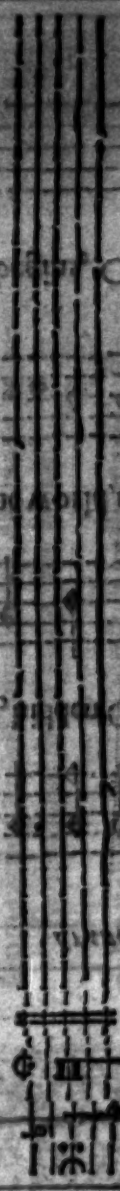
I moue and am, O cleare my soule and conscience, that I in thee my



peace may find, may finde, rest to my heart, joy to my mind, ii.



freede from my sinne and mine offense. from my sinne and mine of-



fence.

4. VOC



Ooke downe O Lord on mee poore man, in thee I liue, I moue and am, O

cleare my soule and conscience, that I in thee my peace may find, my peace may find, rest to

my heart, ioy to my mind, to my mind, freed from my sin, and mine

offence. ii.

B

Vide fol. 175

4. VOC.

Tenor.

Francis Pilkington



Hidden O Lord are my most horrid finnes, hidden O Lord, are my



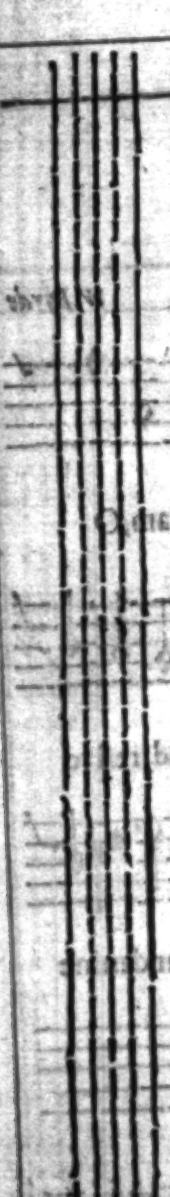
most horrid finnes, are my most horrid finnes vnto the world, vnto the world,



though open plaine to the, he neuer betters that no times begins, that no times,



beginnes, Corruption killeth all good thoughts in me.



4. VOC.

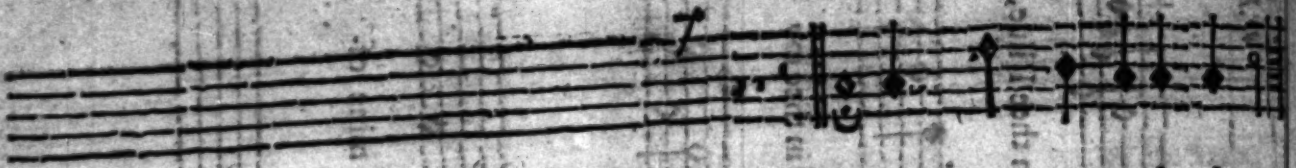
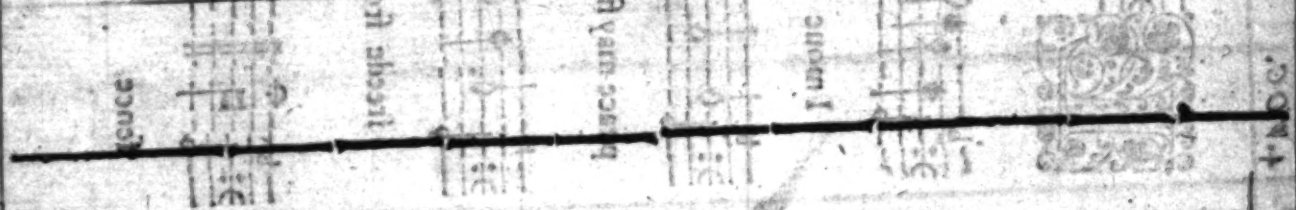


Hidden O Lord are my most horrid finnes, hidden O Lord, hidden O Lord,



Contrabasso.

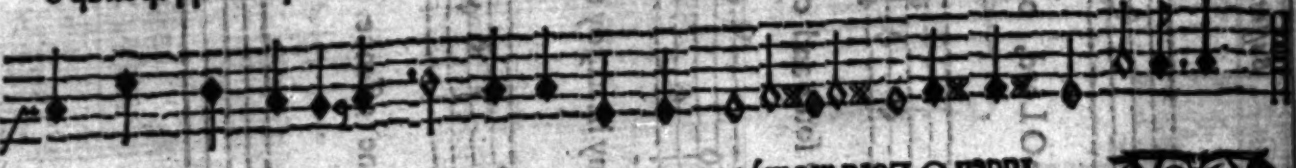
Francis Pilkington.



pen plaine to the, he neuer betters that no times begins, that no times begins, Corruption



hidden O Lord are my most horred finnes, my most horred finnes vnto the world, though o-



killeth all good thoughts in me.



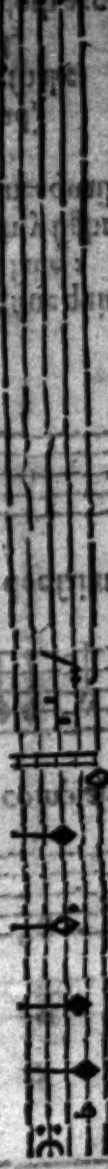
Idden O Lord, hidden O Lord, are my most horred



finnes, are my most horred finnes vnto the world, though open plaine to thee,



hee neuer better that no time begins, Corruption killeth



all good thoughts in me.

2 What sinne doth dwell in this vilde flesh of ours,

but doth increafe like monsters huge in me,

Committing them both minutes, dayes and howres,

as swift as time, so fast grow they in me.

3 Rent thine owne flesh, and teare thy wretched haire,

scrape cleane corruptions marrow from thy bones,

Put out thine eyes, cut off thy tongue, stop eares,

lame all thy senses, to kill sinne at once.



Idden O Lord, hidden O Lord, are my most horred finnes, are



.ii.

are .ii.

vnto the world, though open plaine to



thee, hee neuer better that no times beginnes, Corruption killeth all good thoughts



in me.



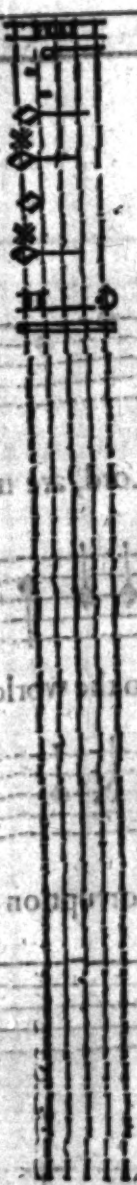
Lord, O Lord giue care to my complaint, giue care to my



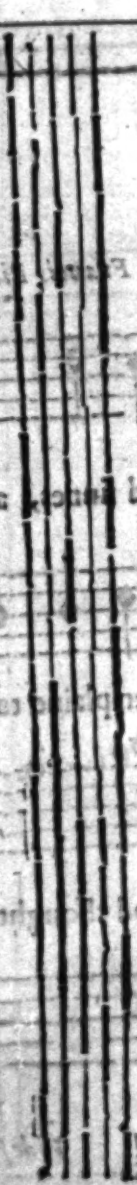
com-plaint, Attend my teares and heare my crye, my sinnewes shrinke, my limmes



doe faint, my sinnewes shrinke my limmes doe faint, I languish in my malady,



In my ma-la-die.



Lord, O Lord giue care to my complaint, Attend my teares and heare

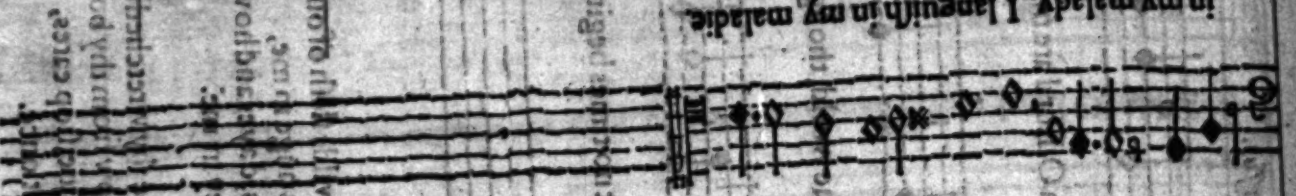
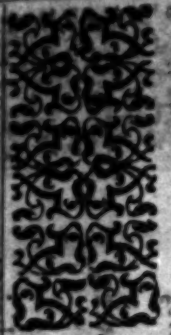


my cry, II. cry, my sinnewes shrinke, my limmes doe faint, my limmes doe faint, I languish



in my malady, I languish in my malady.

2 My bones are gone, my flesh gone quike,
my strengt in euery part doth faile:
My thighes grow thin, diuide is my thigh,
my legges and feet, with weaknes quale.
3 My tong doth falter in my head,
my spites faime, my hands doe shake:
With paine and ach I rolle in bed,
my vaines are still, mine heart doth ake.



4 VOC.



Lord, Giue care to my complaint, Attend my

teares and heare my cry, my sinnewes shrinke, my limmes doe

faint, my limmes doe faint: I languish in my maladie, in my maladie,

In my maladie.

4 VOC.



Lord O Lord giue care to my complaint, giue care to my complaint,

Attend my teares and heare my

cry, my sinnewes shrinke, my limmes doe faint, my

sinnewes shrinke, my limmes

dofaint, I languish in my mal- ladie.

A single line of handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation includes various note values, including minims, crotchets, and quavers, along with rests. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

This detail shows a section of a manuscript page with musical notation on staves. A large, ornate initial 'C' is visible on the right side, decorated with intricate patterns. The notation consists of notes on a five-line staff, with some text written below the staves.



my joy confirms me

A single staff of musical notation from a manuscript. The staff is a five-line grid. The notation includes various note values, some with stems and flags, and rests. The notes are written in a dark ink, and the staff is part of a larger page with other staves visible in the background.

It does not buy people any more for pen-

A vertical strip of a musical score, showing a single staff with various musical notes and symbols. The staff is oriented vertically, and the notes are arranged in a sequence that appears to be a single melodic line. The notes are of different shapes, including diamond-like shapes and circles, and are connected by stems. The background is dark, and the notes are light-colored, making them stand out. The strip is a close-up of a larger page, as evidenced by the partial view of other staves and text on the left and right edges.

place. It

Jeremy comfort fill

reside in Christ, in Christ who for my sin hath died.



Et thy salvation be my ioy, be my ioy. confirme mee with

the spirit of grace.iii

of grace, let sadness not my soule an-

noy, for pensive thoughts too much take place.ii

O let my comfort still

abide, abide, my comfort still abide in Christ.ii

who for my sinne

hath dide



confirm me with the spirit of grace.iii

in trouble griefe and paine

griefe and paine



Et thy salvation be my ioy, .ii

confirm me with the

spirit, the spirit of grace, let sadness not my soule annoy, for pensive thoughts too much

take place. O let my comfort still abide in Christ, who for my sinne hath dide, hath dide in

Christ. .ii

C 2

Vide fol. 170

4. VOC.

God that no time doeth despite the sighing, the sighing of a

contrite heart, nor the desires of sinners cries, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart,

in troubles griefe and smart, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, anguish

griefe and smart.

Martin Perleson Bachelor of Musick.

4. VOC.

God that no time doeth despite the sighing, the sighing of

a contrite heart, nor the desires of sinners cries, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, in trou-

bles, anguish, griefe and smart, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, anguish,

griefe and smart, in troubles.

Martin Perleson Bachelor of Musick.

Martin Peerson, Bachelor of Musick.

4 VOC.



God that no time doest despise the sighing, the sighing of a

contrite heart, nor the desires of sinners cries, in troubles, and smart, in troubles

and smart, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, griefe and smart,

griefe and smart.

4 VOC.



God that no time doest despise the sighing, the sighing of a contrite heart,

nor the desires of sinners cries, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, in troubles, an-


guish, griefe and smart, in troubles, anguish, griefe and smart, anguish, griefe and

smart, in troubles.

470c.

Carmin.

Orlando Gibbons

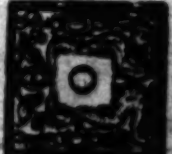


Lord how doe my woes encrease, how many are my miseries, my troubles rise and neuer cease, Men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, Men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries.

470c.

Tom.

Orlando Gibbons

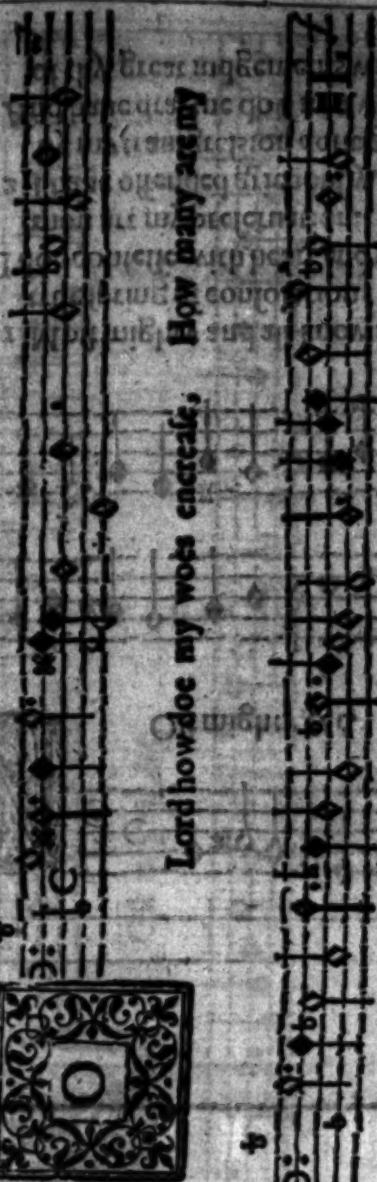


Lord how doe my woes encrease, how many are my miseries, how many are my miseries, My troubles rise and neuer cease, and neuer cease, men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries.

4th OC.

Bass.

Orlando Gibbons.

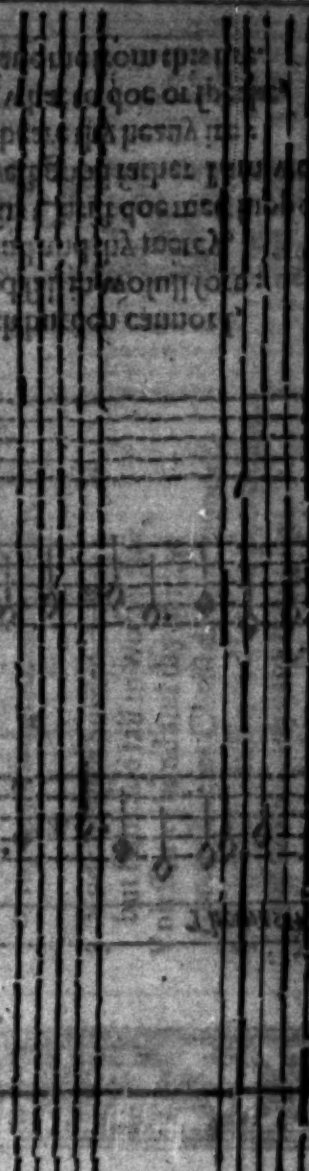


Lord how doe my woes encrease, How many are my

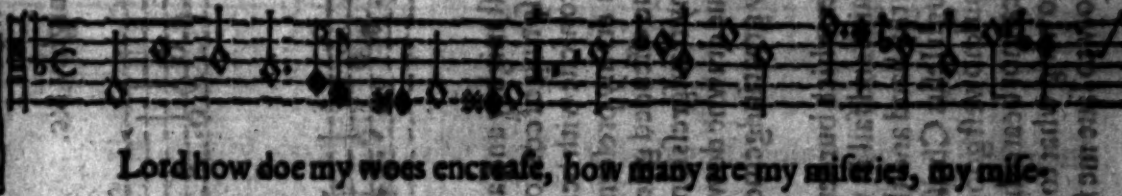
miserics, how many are my miseries, my troubles rise and never cease,



Men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries.

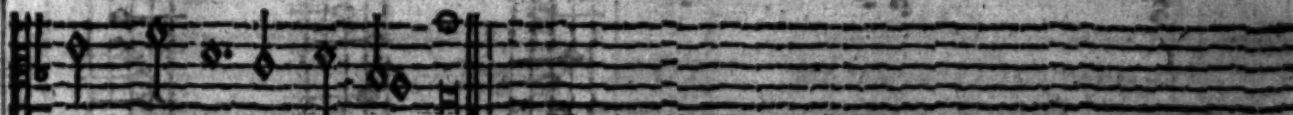


7th OC.



Lord how doe my woes encrease, how many are my miseries, my mis-

eries, my troubles rise and ne- uer cease, men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, men



iudge thou wilt not heare my cries.

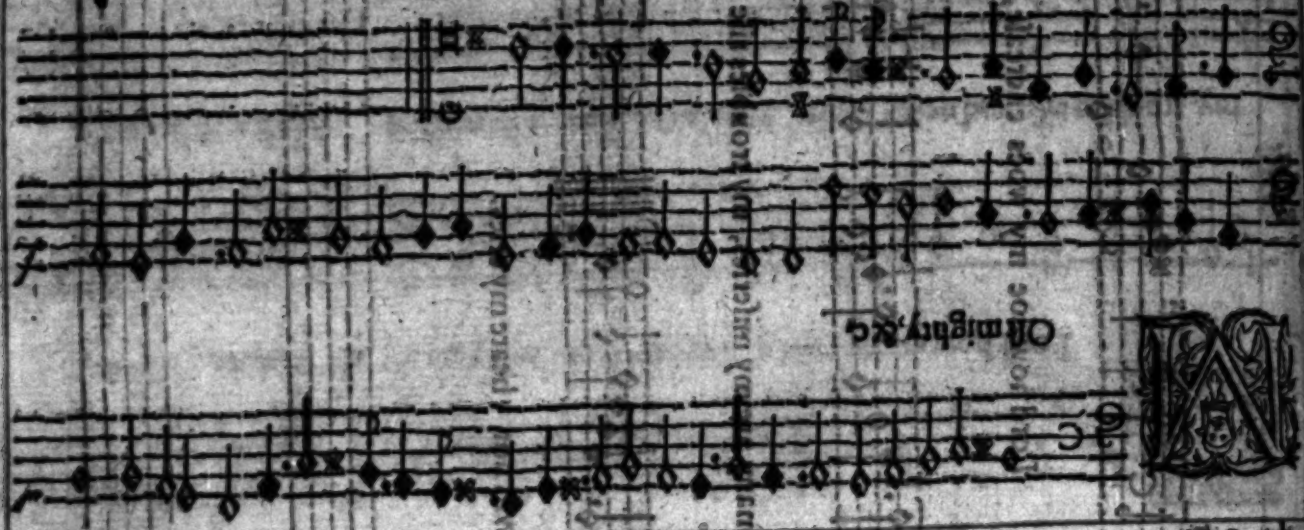


D 2

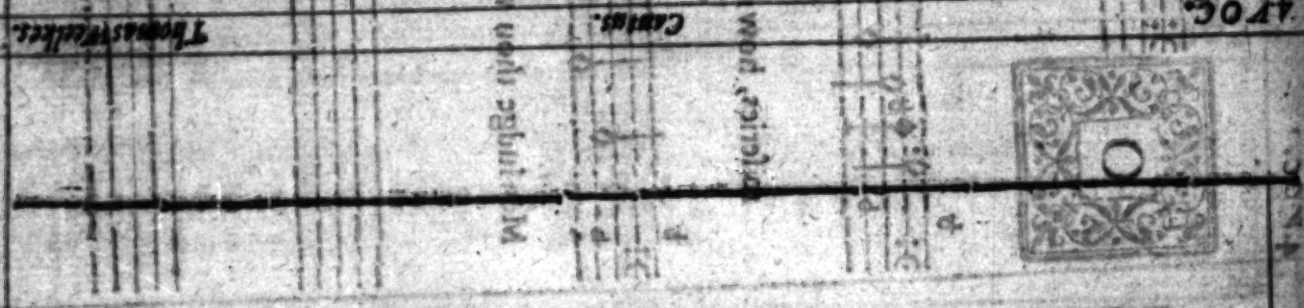
Vide fol. 59.

1 Most mighty and all-knowing Lord,
 true spring of consolation,
 I doe confesse with heart and word,
 thou art my preservation,
 2 I have offended grievously,
 by my transgression done gainst thee:
 And have drawne downe a weight on me,
 of thy great iudgements wilfully.

3 Under which burden cannot I
 but faint and fall in wo full sort:
 Vnlesse thy hand and thy mercy,
 through Iesus Christ doe mee support.
 4 Thou knowest good father I am weake,
 and cannot beare thy heauy ire:
 Not knowing what to doe or speake,
 or how to saue me from this fire.

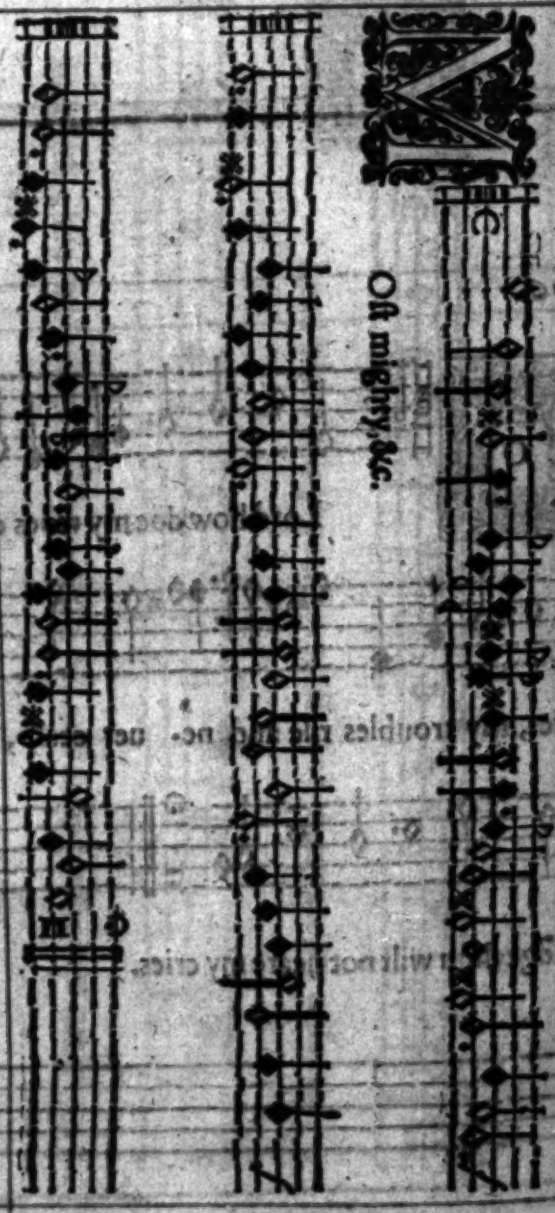


Off mighty, &c.



M

Off mighty, &c.



1 Most mighty and all-knowing Lord,
 true spring of consolation,
 I doe confesse with heart and word,
 thou art my preservation,
 2 I have offended grievously,
 by my transgression done gainst thee,
 And have drawne downe a weight on me,
 of thy great iudgements wilfully.

3 Under which burden cannot I
 but faint and fall in wo full sort,
 Vnlesse thy hand and thy mercy,
 through Iesus Christ doe mee support.
 4 Thou knowest good father I am weake,
 and cannot beare thy heauy ire:
 Not knowing what to doe or speake,
 or how to saue me from this fire.





Oft mighty, &c.



- 1 Most mighty and all-knowing Lord,
true spring of consolation,
I doe comforte with heart and word,
thou art my preservation.
- 2 I haue offended grievously,
by my transgression done gainst thee,
And haue drawne downe a weight on me,
of thy great iudgements wilfully.
- 3 Vnder which burden cannot I
but faint and fall in wo full sore,
Vnlesse thy hand and thy mercy,
through Iesus Christ doe mee support.
- 4 Thou knowest good father I am weake,
and cannot beare thy heavy ire:
Not knowing what to doe or speake,
or how to saue me from this fire.



Oft mighty and all-knowing Lord, true spring of consolation, I doe con-

fesse with heart and word, thou art my preservation.

- 3 I haue offended grievously,
by my transgression done gainst thee,
And haue drawne downe a weight on me,
of thy great iudgements wilfully.
- 3 Vnder which burden cannot I
but faint and fall in wo full sore:
Vnlesse thy hand and thy mercy,
through Iesus Christ doe mee support.

- 4 Thou knowest good father I am weake,
and cannot beare thy heavy ire:
Not knowing what to doe or speake,
or how to saue me from this fire.
- 5 Vnlesse thou point me out the way,
with thy wise spirit me directing:
Vnto the Deuill I am made a pray,
were not thy power me protecting.

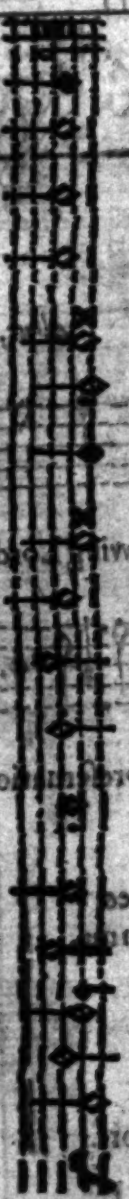
4. P.O.C.



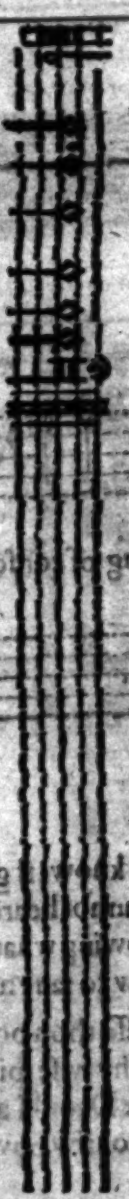
Let mee tread in the right path. O let mee tread in the right



path, and walke from faith to faith in love, and walke from faith to faith in love,



obscure thy lawes, obscure thy lawes, and thumne thy wrath, and forward to all



verus moue. h

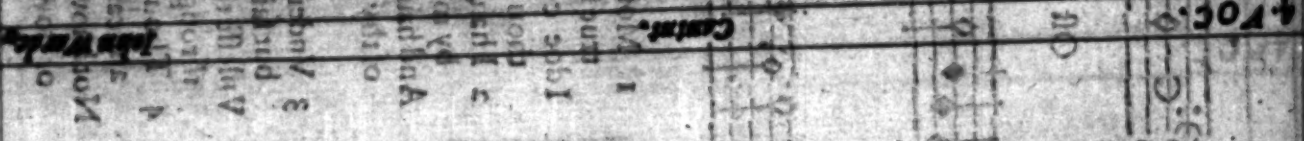


all verus moue, all verus moue.

walke from faith to faith in love, obscure thy lawes, and thumne thy wrath, and forward to



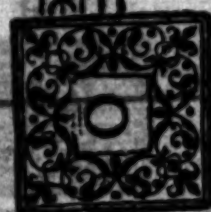
Let mee tread in the right path, in the right path,



John Ward.

Tenor.

4 VOC.



Let mee treade in the right path. ii.

and walke

from faith to faith in love, and ii.

obscure thy lawes. ii.

and shun

thy wrath, and forward to all vertue move, all vertue move

4 VOC.

4 VOC.



Let mee treade in the right path

and walke from faith to faith

in love, and ii.

obscure thy lawes, ii.

and shunne thy

wrath, thy wrath, and forward to all vertue move, all vertue move

ingly p. w. God

John Ward.

Vide fol. 02.

John Wilbye.

Bass.

4 VOC.



Am quite tyred with my grones, quite tyred with my grones,

orecharged with a beavy lode, a beavy lode of miseries brea- king all my bones,

laide on me iustly by my God, laide on me iustly by my God.

4 VOC.



Am quite tyred with my grones, quite tyred with my grones, orecharged

with a bea-

vy lode of miseries brea-

king all my bones, laide on me iustly

by my God. ii.

laide on me iustly by

my God.

without end.

thy maieſty: All bleſſings doe from thee deſcend, bleſſe bee thy name, thy name world

bleſſings powde on mee on me, My heart and ſoule with one accord, ſhall laud and praiſe

the Lord for all his

Lord, iii.

Har ſhall I render to the

4. VOC.

Canter.

Robert Jones

4. VOC.

Har ſhall I render to the Lord, ii. whar ii.

for all his bleſſings powde on me, my heart and ſoule with one accord ſhall]

laud and praiſe thy maieſty, All bleſſings doe from thee deſcend, bleſſe bee thy name

world without end. ii.

2.

Robert Jones.

4 VOC.

Robert Jones

Refan.



What shall I render to my Lord ii.

For all his

blessings powde on me, my heart and soule with one accord, shall laud and

praise thy maiesty, thy maiesty, All blessings doe from thee descend, blest be thy

name, thy name, world without end

4 VOC.



What shall I render to the Lord ii.

the Lord for all his blessings

powde on me, my heart and soule with one accord shall laud and praise his Maiesty, All blessings

doe from thee descend, blest be thy name world without end, world without end.

4 VOC.

Cantus Primus.

Alfonso Ferrabuzza



N thee O Lord, I put my trust, and yet there are which

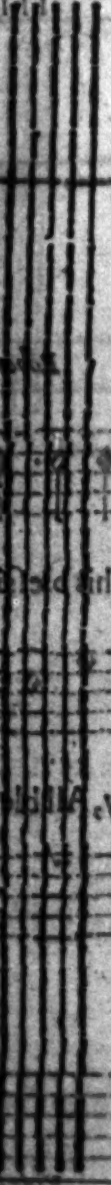
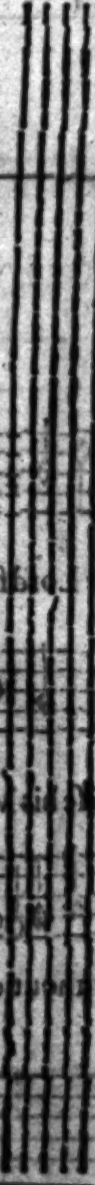
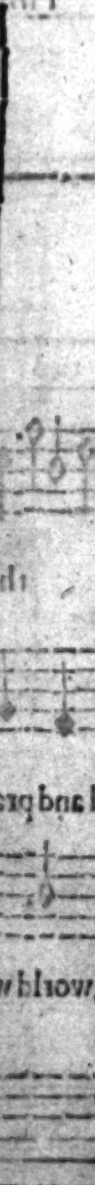


dayly lay, there is no helpe for mee vniust, for mee vniust, but Lord thy



word.

cannot decay.



4 VOC.

Cantus Primus.

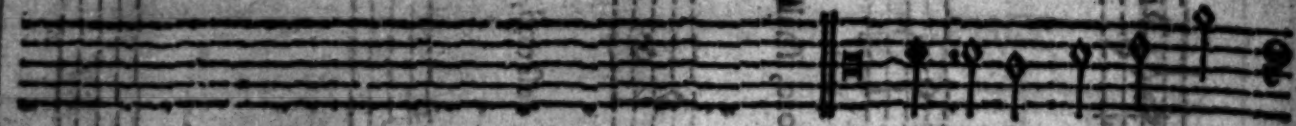
Alfonso Ferrabuzza



N thee O Lord I put my trust, and yet there are, which dayly lay, there



is no helpe for mee, there is no helpe for mee vniust, but Lord thy word, but Lord thy



word, thy word cannot decay.





N thee O Lord, I put my trust, and yet there are which



dayly say, there is no helpe for me vnjust, there is no helpe for mee vnjust,



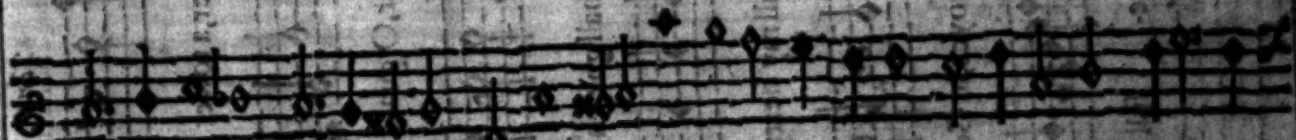
but Lord thy word cannot decay.

2 Thou art my God, how can they then,
prose that thou wilt none helpe me send:
I am brought low in sight of men,
there's none will helpe or comfort lend.

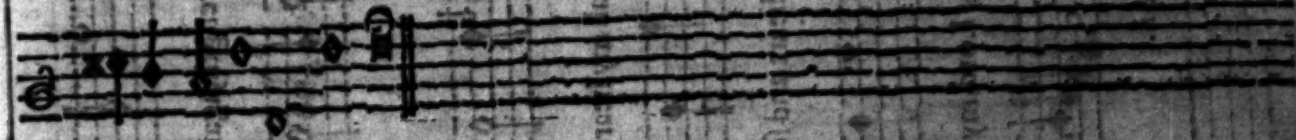
3 My basket and my store is spent,
they say it was by thee accurst:
Thou didst it take that hadst it sent,
but they take all things at the worst.
4 As me they gaze, at me they wonder,



N thee O Lord I put my trust, and yet there are, which dayly say, there



is no helpe. ii. for mee, vn-just, there is no helpe for me vnjust, but Lord thy word,



cannot decay.

4706

B

E unto me O Lord a tower of strength, against my mortall foe, O guard and
 warde me with thy power, with thy power, which way so euer I shall goe. ii.

Then shall my heart and soule .ii.

my heart and soule reioyce, reioyce,

in God my Lord with chere- full voyce, in God my Lord with chere- full voyce,

with cherefull voyce, Then shall, &c.

in God .ii.

williams Byrd.

Cantus primus.

4706

B

E unto me O Lord a tower of strength against my mortall foe,

O garde and warde me with thy power, O guard ii.

which way so

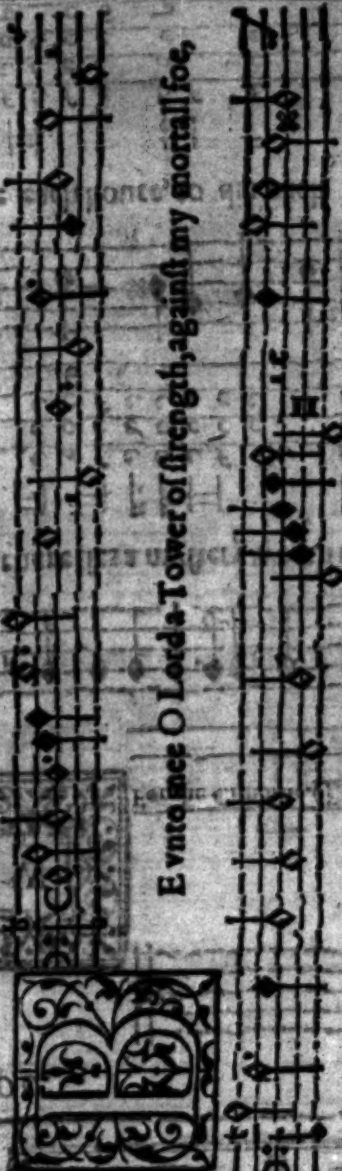
I shall goe, then shall my heart, my heart and soule re-
 ioyce

in God my Lord with chere- full voyce in God my Lord, my Lord, in God

my Lord with cherefull voyce, with chere- full voyce. ii.

with cherefull voyce. Then shall, &c.

williams Byrd.



E vnto mee O Lord a Tower of strength, against my mortall foe,

O guarde and warde me with thy power, with .ii. thy power, which way so euer



I shall goe, I shall goe, Then shall my heart and soule reioyce reioyce .ii.



in God my Lord with cheere- full voyce, in God my Lord with



cheere full voyce .ii. with cheerefull voyce. Then shall my, &c.



E vnto me O Lord a tower of strength against my mortall foe, O guard & ward,



O .ii. me with thy power, with thy power, which way so euer I shall goe, which



way I shall goe. Then shall my heart and soule reioyce, reioyce, then .ii. and



oule reioyce, in God my Lord with cheere- full voyce, with cheerefull voyce, in God my



Lord with cheere full voyce .ii. with cheerefull voyce. Then shall, &c.

die eachoure, so die each howre, must follow Christ our sauiour, must. ii.

there lies a myſtery worth record, which he did shew vs here on earth who doth prepare to

N the departure of the Lord of mortall bodies vitall breath,

Contratenor with a Flute.

D. B. V. L.

there lies a myſtery worth record, which he did shew vs here on earth, who doth prepare to die each

howre, must follow Christ our Sauiour must. iii.

N the departure of the Lord, of mortall bodies vitall breath,

For the
Bongors

THE Tenth.

D. B. V. L.

to die each houre, must follow Christ our Saviour, must follow Christ our

myeste worth record, which he did shew vs here on earth. ii. who doth prepare

In the departure of the Lord, of mortall bodies vital breath, there lies a



VOC.

BASS S. with a Treble Viol.

D. B. V. L. L.

D. B. V. L. L.

Adins with a Treble Viol.

VOC.



In the departure of the Lord of mortall bodies vital breath,

For the Lute

herelies a myesty worth record which he did shew vs here on earth who doth prepare to die each

hour each houre, must follow Christ our Saviour, must follow Christ our Saviour.

Aa



Laid me down to rest and Slept, and in the morning rose

a gain, in the morning rose again, God me sustaind & safely kept, & safely kept, &c

by his grace, ii. did me main- taine his Angels pitcht me round

about, sleeping and waking keeping me, keep- ping me, both coming in, and

going out, ii. and going out, they guard mee with security, with

security, they guard me with security, iii. se- cu- ri- ty.



Laid me down to rest and Slept, iii.

in the morning rose a- gain, God me sustaind, and safe ly kept, God me sustaind and

safely kept, and by his grace did me maintaine, His Angels pitcht me round about,

Sleeping and waking, ii. keep- ping me both coming in and going

out, ii. they guard me with security, with security, they guard

me with se- cu- ri- ty.

Lord come pity my distresse, See how I sigh and grone, with teares

Lord come pity my distresse, See how I sigh and grone,

and floods of heavynesse, my heart is overhrowne,

1 No hope I find, no helpe I see,

no cure nor salve I see:

None can my sinnes corrupsions heale,
sweet Iesus comfort mee.

3 My wounding sorrowes never cease,
my griefes grow more and more:

What I should kill doth still increase,
Lord haue my soule therefore,

4 I living die, yet dying live,
in life yet daily die:

I sigh and grone, yet cannot grieve,
sinne makes this misery,

5 Lord let me live yet howely die,
in love yet daily hate:

Let me embrace, yet still despise,
let peace becke all debate.

6 O let me live, yet never live,
alive yet ever dead:

O let me grieve yet never grieve,
fed with thy living bread.

7 Let passion passe, let grones be gone,
let moene be eured to mirth,

I live and die to Christ alone,
let sorrowes sinke to earth.

ii. With still and blood

with teares and floods of heavynesse, my hart

1 No hope I finde, no helpe I see,

None can my sinnes corrupsions heale,
sweet Iesus comfort mee.

3 My wounding sorrowes never cease,
my griefes grow more and more:

What I should kill doth still increase,
Lord haue my soule therefore,

4 I living die, yet dying live,
in life yet daily die:

I sigh and grone, yet cannot grieve,
sinne makes this misery.

5 Lord let me live yet howely die,
in love yet daily hate:

Let me embrace yet still despise,
let peace becke all debate.

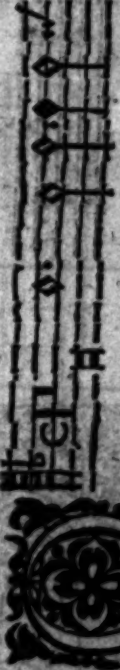
6 O let me live, yet never live,
alive yet ever dead:

O let me grieve, yet never grieve,
fed with thy living bread.

7 Let passion passe, let grones be gone,
let moene be eured to mirth,

I live and die to Christ alone,
let sorrowes sinke to earth.

5. VOC. Cantus quintus. A. Ferrabasco



Lord come pittie my



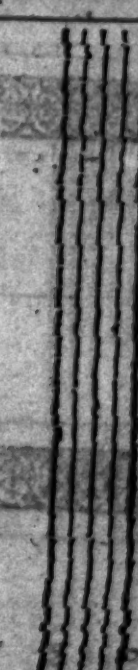
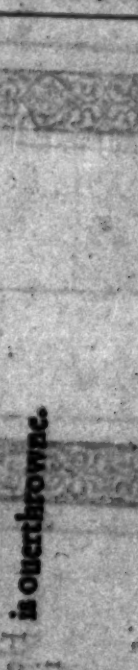
distresse, see how I sigh and grone, with



teares and flouds of heauinesse, my heart



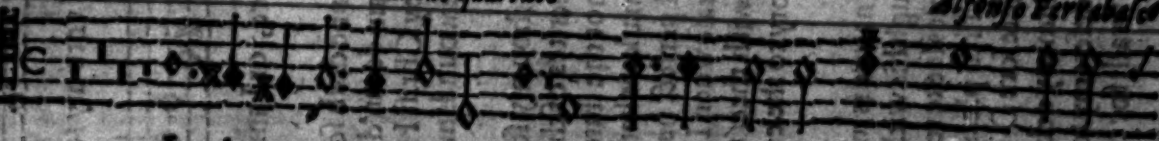
is ouerthrowne.



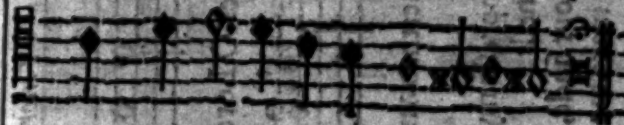
5. VOC.

Cantus quartus.

Alfonso Ferrabasco



Lord come pittie my distresse, See how I sigh and grone, with teares and



flouds of heauinesse, my hart is ouerthrowne.

2 No hope I finde, no helpe I fee,
no cure nor salue I see,
None can my finnes corruptions heale,
sweet Iesus comfort me.

3 My wounding sorrowes neuer cease,
my griefes grow more and more:
What I should kill, doth still increase,
Lord saue my soule therefore.

4 I lining die, yet dying liue,
in life, yet dayly dye:
I sigh and grone, yet cannot grieue,
sinne makes this mystery.

5 Lord let me liue yet howerly die,
in loue yet dayly hate,
Let me imbrace yet still desie,
let peace breede all debate.

6 O let me liue, yet neuer liue,
aliue yet euer dead:
O let me grieue, yet neuer grieue,
fed with day lining bread.

7 Let passions passe, let grones be gone,
let mones be turnd to mirth,
I liue and die to Christ alone,
let sorrowes sinke to earth.

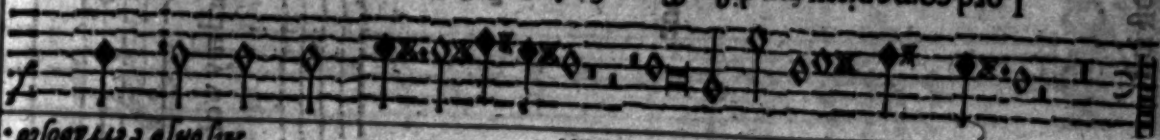
B b

Vide fol. 151

flouds of heauinesse, my heart is ouerthrowne.



Lord come pittie my distresse, see how I sigh and grone, with teares and



Alfonso Ferrabasco

Cantus tertius.

5. VOC.

2 No hope I finde, no helpe I fee,
no cure nor salue I see:
None can my finnes corruptions heale,
sweet Iesus comfort me.

3 My wounding sorrowes neuer cease,
my griefes grow more and more:
What I should kill doth still increase,
Lord saue my soule therefore.

4 I lining die, yet dying liue,
in life yet dayly die:
I sigh and grone, yet cannot grieue,
sinne makes this mystery.

5 Lord let me liue yet howerly die,
in loue yet dayly hate:
Let me embrace, yet still desie,
let peace breede all debate.

6 O let me liue, yet neuer liue,
aliue yet euer dead:
O let me grieue, yet neuer grieue,
fed with day lining bread.

7 Let passions passe, let grones be gone,
let mones be turnd to mirth,
I liue and die to Christ alone,
let sorrowes sinke to earth.



Tend vnto my teares O Lord, regard my wofull mone: And seeke



to saue me by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne:

2 For sinne doth so oppresse my mind,
that I am damnd to hell:
Vlesse by Christ I fauour finde,
whose wounds must make me well.

3 Cure thou my soule so sicke with sinne,
by merits of thy sonne:
Marke not the state that I line in,
but marke what he hath done.
4 Most perfect he (though I be vilde)
to please when I offend:
He sits with thee, though I exile,
in glory to the end.

5 My nature is inclinde to euill,
though his with good accord:
My senses seeke to serue the Diuell,
his will to please the Lord.
6 Wherefore O God which art most iust
in him my debts to pay:
In his desert my soule doth trust,
thy wrath for to alay.



Tend vnto my teares O Lord, regard my wofull mone, And seeke



to saue me by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne.

2 For sinne doth so oppresse my mind,
that I am damnd to hell:
Vlesse by Christ I fauour finde,
whose wounds must make me well.

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In his desert my soule doth trust,
thy wrath for to alay.

He sits with thee (though I exild)
in glory to the end.
5 My nature is inclinde to euill,
though his with good accord:
My senses seeke to serue the diuell,
his wil to please the Lord.
6 Wherfore O God which art most iust
in him my debts to pay:
In his desert my soule doth trust,
thy wrath for to alay.

For sinne doth so oppresse my mind,
that I am damnd to hell:
Vnlesse by Christ I fauour finde,
whose wounds must make me well.
3 Cure thou my soule so sicke with sinne,
by merits of thy sonne,
Marke not the state that I liue in,
but marke what he hath done.
4 Most perfect he (though I be vild)
to please when I offend:
by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne.



Ttend vnto my teares O Lord, regard my wofull moane: And seeke to saue me



Ttend vnto my teares O Lord, regard my wofull moane, and seeke to saue me



by thy word, or I am ouerthrowne.

- 1 For sinne doth so oppresse my mind,
that I am damnd to hell:
Vnlesse by Christ I fauour finde,
whose wounds must make me well.
- 2 Cure thou my soule so sicke with sinne,
by merits of thy sonne:
Marke not the state that I liue in,
but marke what he hath done.
- 3 Most perfect he (though I be vild)
to please when I offend:

He sits with thee (though I exild)
in glorio to the end.

- 4 My nature is inclinde to euill,
though his with good accord:
My senses seeke to serue the diuell,
his wil to please the Lord.
- 5 Wherfore O God which art most iust
in him my debts to pay:
In his desert my soule doth trust,
thy wrath for to alay.

Lord behold my miseries, .ii.

.ii.

my

paine and deadly griefe, my paine, my paine & deadly griefe,

no helpe, no hope, but thy mercies, no .ii.

.ii.

to yeeld my

oule-re- liefe, reliefe, to .ii.

I hate my selfe & loth my sin, & .ii.

my heart is

teare with feare, my .ii.

with feare, to thinke what state I haue liued in, to

.ii.

my wits with torments teare, with torments teare, my .ii.

my .ii.

my .ii.

my .ii.



Lord behold, behold my miseries, behold .ii.

O Lord .ii.

my .ii. my paine, my paine, & deadly deadly griefe, my paine & deadly

griefe, my paine, my paine & deadly griefe : .ii.

no help no hope but thy mercies

no .ii.

no hope but thy mercies, to yeeld my oule reliefe, my .ii. to .ii.

reliefe, I hate my selfe, and loth my sin, I .ii.

my hart is teare, my .ii.

my .ii. with feare to thinke what state .ii. I haue liued in, I .ii.

my wits with torments

teare, with .ii.

my .ii.

with .ii. with .ii.

my .ii.

with torments teare

Lord behold my miseries, my paine, my paine, and deadly griefe, & ii.
 no help no hope but thy mercies, but ii.
 I hate my selfe, I hate my selfe, my ii. to ii. to ii.
 to yeeld my foule reliefe, my ii. to ii. to ii.
 I have liude in, my wits with feare, to thinke what state ii. I have liude in, my wits with feare, to thinke what state ii.

I. VOC. Bass. I. MILTON.
 Lord behold my miseries, behold my
 miseries, O ii. my paine, my paine &
 deadly griefe, my pain, my pain & deadly griefe,
 no helpe no hope, but thy mercies, thy ii. to
 yeeld my foule reliefe, to ii. I hate my
 selfe, & loth my sinne, my wits with tor-
 ments, my wits with torments teare ii.
 with ii. my ii. my ii.

I. VOC. Cantus. I. MILTON.
 Lord behold my miseries, ii. my paine ii. and deadly griefe
 and ii. my ii. no helpe, no hope but thy mercies, no ii. to
 yeeld my foule reliefe, ii. I hate my selfe, and loath my sin, and ii. my heart is rent
 ii. with feare, to thinke what state ii. I have liude in, my wits with torments teare, with ii.
 my ii. with torments, my ii. my. my ii.



Igh mighty God of righteousnesse, of righteousnesse, in wrath a dread

consuming fire, a. ii.

a. ii.

Thou didst in perfect hap-

pinnesse, make man that dar'd gainst thee, that. ii.

conspire, And brake

thy lawes, and. ii.

with all despise, with all. ii.

when thou hadst

made him pure and

holy, plac'd him in garden, in garden of delight, so

great and wicked was his folly.



Igh mighty God of righteousnesse, of righteousnesse, in wrath a

dread consuming fire, in. ii.

consuming fire, Thou didst in perfect hap-

pinnesse, happinnesse, make man that dar'd gainst thee conspire, gainst thee conspire,

gainst. ii.

And brake thy lawes with all despise, when thou hadst made him

pure and holy, plac'd him in garden of delight, in garden of delight, so great and

wicked was his folly.



Lord, O Lord, I lift my heart to thee, my soule in thee doth euer trust,

O let me not confounded be, O ii.

But make me righteous with the iust,

with the iust.

2 Let men not haue their wile gainst me,
but powre on me thy comfort sweet:
Thy saving health Lord let mee see,
who prostrate beg it at thy feet:

3 Let thy right hand and providence,
be stretched out to hold me vp:
And giue me grace and patience,
in lowliness to taste thy cup.

4 So shall I sit on surest rocks,
and strength and power to me get:
And ably beare mine enemies stroke,
though round about they me beset:

5 For why? my comfort is in thee,
and on thy providence I depend:
O keepe me safe in liberty,
till all my troubles come to end.



Lord I lift my heart to thee, my soule in thee doth euer trust, in

O let me not confounded be, but make me righteous with the

iust, but make me righteous with the iust.

2 Let men not haue their wile gainst mee,
but powre on me thy comfort sweet:
Thy saving health Lord let mee see,
who prostrate beg it at thy feet:

3 Let thy right hand and providence,
be stretched out to hold me vp:
And giue me grace and patience,
in lowliness to taste thy cup.

4 So shall I sit on surest rocks,
and strength and power to me get:
And ably beare mine enemies stroke,
though round about they me beset:

5 For why? my comfort is in thee,
and on thy providence I depend:
O keepe me safe in liberty,
till all my troubles come to end.

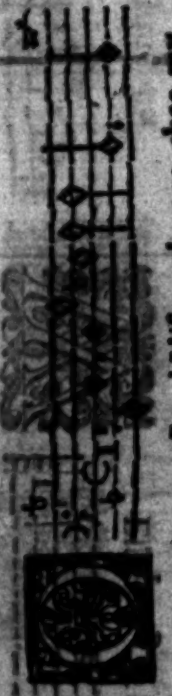




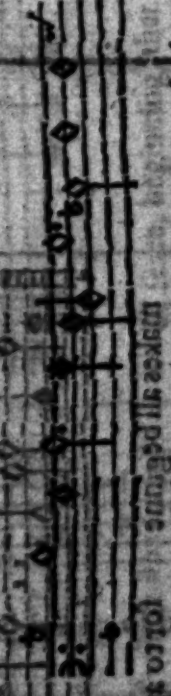
O let me not confounded be, O. ii.

1 Let men not have their wils gain't mee,
but powre on me thy comfort sweet:
Thy saving health Lord let me see,
who prostrate beg it at thy feet.

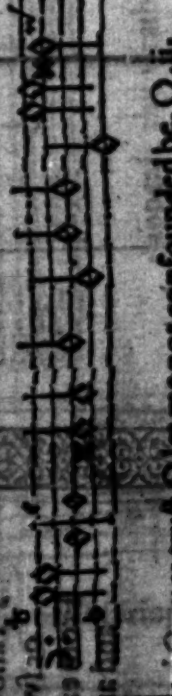
2 Let thy right hand and providence
be stretched out to hold me vp.
And give me grace and patience,
in lowliness to take thy cup.



Lord I lift my hart to thee, my



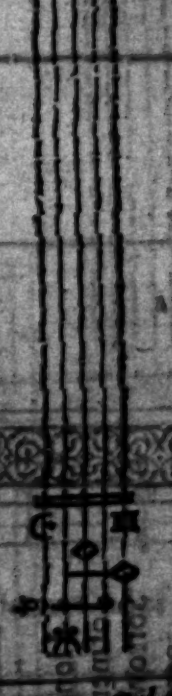
soule in thee doth ever trust, in thee doth



ever trust, O let me not confounded be, O. ii.



but make me righteous with



the iust.

but make me righteous with the iust.

4 So shall I sit on surest rocke,
and strength and power to me get:
And ably beare mine enemies stroke,
though round about they me beset.

For why my comfort is in thee,
and on thy providence I depend:
O keepe me safe in liberty,
till all my troubles come to end.

O let me not confounded be, confounded be, But make me righteous with the iust,

Lord, lift my heart to thee, my soule in thee doth ever trust, my



So shall I sit on surest rocke,
and strength and power to me get:
And ably beare mine enemies stroke,
though round about they me beset.

For why my comfort is in thee,
and on thy providence I depend:
O keepe me safe in liberty,
till all my troubles come to end.

mercifull with the iust.

Let me not confounded be, confounded be, But make me righteous with the iust,

Lord, lift my heart to thee, my soule in thee doth ever trust, my

How long Lord shall I be exiled:
again vnto thy louing fauour:
3 O how should I be reconcilde
from my sweet Lord and onely Saviour.

2 I know not bloud of bulls and beall,
or sweetell incense that doth rise:
From earth of old they were the least,
and are not now of any price.

4 How long O haue I calde to thee,
to thee in name of thy dearest name,
Yet what I aske thou gawest not me,
and what I wouldst I haue not done:
5 I long haue knocked at thy dore,
of mercy, but none enuoyed me:
Sorrowes and troubles more and more,
increase and vex my soule and minde.

gine, with what obligation to appeare, appeare thy wrath that due for sinne.

Handwritten musical notation on staves with a large decorated initial 'A'.

Handwritten musical notation on staves with a large decorated initial 'E'.

Handwritten musical notation on staves with a large decorated initial 'E'.

Handwritten musical notation on staves with a large decorated initial 'E'.

due for sinne. woz his will and desire to the woz his will and desire to the

First musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Second musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Third musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Fourth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Fifth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Sixth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Seventh musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Eighth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Ninth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Tenth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Eleventh musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Twelfth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

Thirteenth musical staff with notes and a large decorated initial 'A'.

I know that blood of bulls and beasts
or sweet incense that doth rise:
From earth of old they were the best,
and are not now of any price.

O how should I be reconciled
again unto thy loving face:
How long Lord shall I be exiled
from my sweet Lord and only Saviour.

How long O have I cald to thee,
to thee in name of thy deare sonne:
Yet what I asked thou gav'st not me,
and what I would is left vndone.

I long have knocked at thy doore,
for mercy but none entrance finde:
Sorrowes and troubles more and more,
increase and vex my soule and mind.

out of this tree our ill did grow, out of this tree our ill did grow.

our death did flow, for, ii.

for out of sinne our death did flow, for, iii.

He cause of death is wicked sinne, the. iii.

for out of sinne

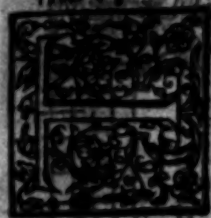
Thomas Lay.

He cause of death is wicked sinne, for out of sinne our death did flow, did flow for out of sinne our death did flow, for out of sinne our death did flow, from thence our plagues from thence our plagues did all be-

gane, out of this tree, this tree, out of this tree our ill did grow, our ill did grow.

Thomas Lay.

5. VOC. Bassus.



His cause of death is wicked

finne, is wicked finne, for out of sinne our death

did flow, for out of sinne our death did flow, our

death did flow, our death did flow, from thence

our plagues did all begin, did. ii. out of this tree

our ille did grow, did grow, out. ii. did. ii.

our ille did grow, did grow, out. ii. did. ii.

our ille did grow, did grow, out. ii. did. ii.

our ille did grow, did grow, out. ii. did. ii.

5. VOC.



He cause of death is wicked finne: for out of sinne death did flow, our death

did flow, for. ii.

out of sinne our death did flow, from thence our plagues

did all begin, our plagues did all be-ginne, out of this tree, this tree our ille did grow, out. ii.

our ille did grow.

Ec

Vide fol. 123

Thomas Lape.

Alms.

5. VOC.



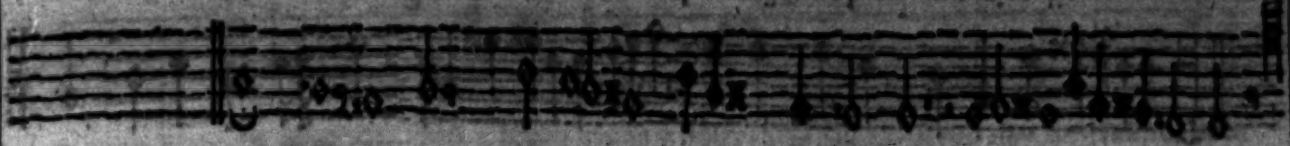
He cause of death is wicked finne, is wicked finne, for out of sinne our

death did flow, for out of sinne our death did flow, our death did flow

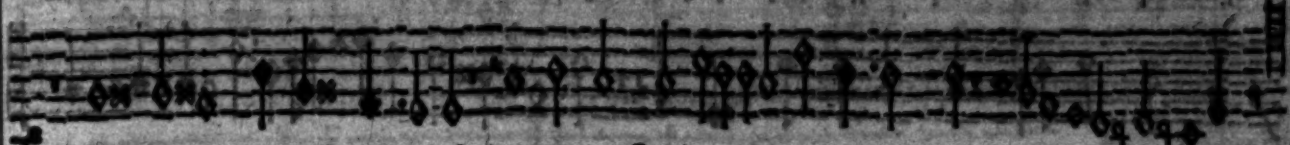
from thence our plagues: our plagues did all be-ginne, out of this tree, out of this

grow, out of this tree our ille did grow, our ille did grow, out of this tree, out of this

and pray for .ii. and pray for grace and heavenly blisse, and heavenly blisse.



and there .ii. and pardon beg, .ii. and mercy call, & pray for grace & heavenly blisse



and there .ii. acknowledge mine amisse, and .ii. and there .ii.



Let me .ii. at thy footstool fall, O .ii. O .ii. O let .ii.



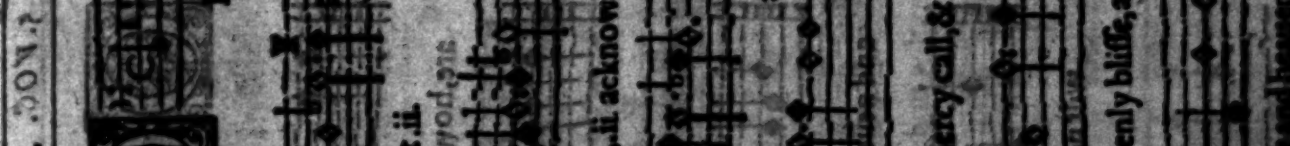
Martin Peerson. Alms. 5 VOC.



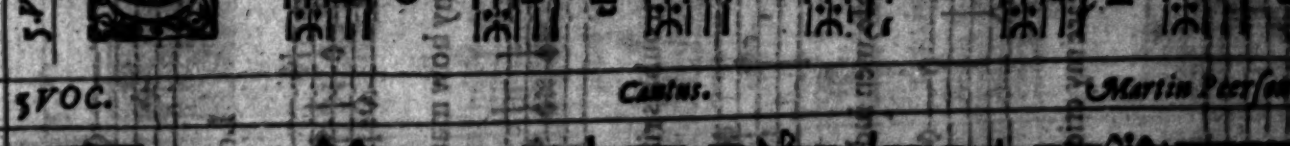
Let me .ii. at thy footstool fall, O .ii. O .ii. O let .ii.



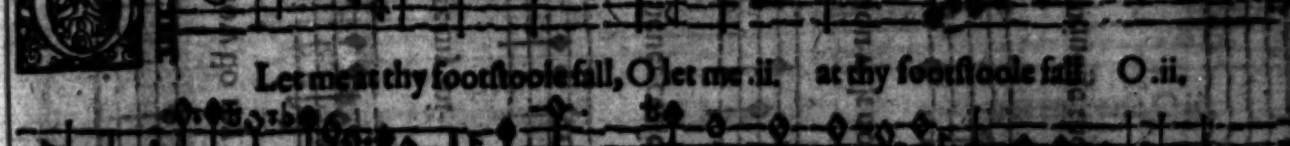
and there .ii. acknowledge mine amisse, and .ii. and there .ii.



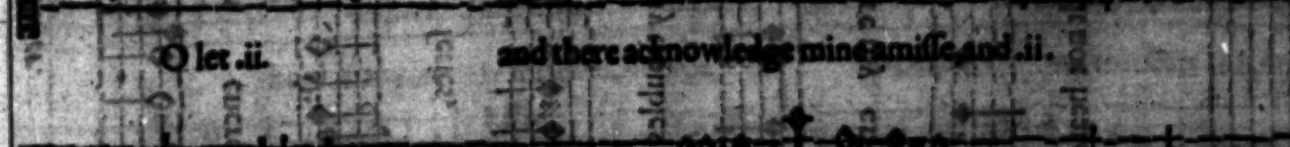
for pardon beg and .ii. and .ii. & mercy call, & pray for grace & heavenly blisse



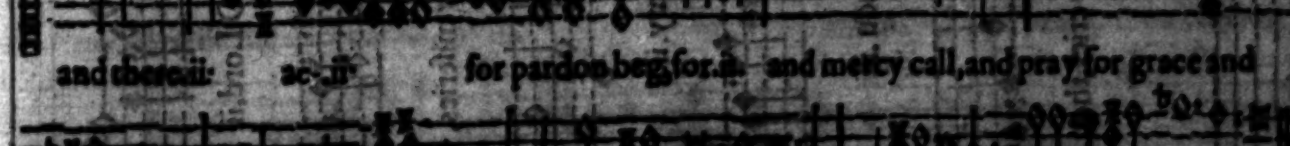
and pray .ii. for heavenly blisse, and .ii. grace and heavenly blisse, & heavenly blisse.



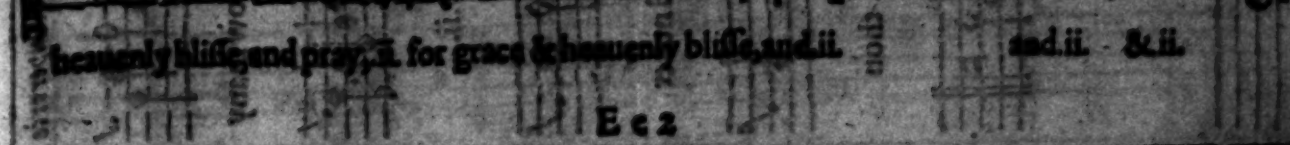
Let me at thy footstool fall, O let me .ii. at thy footstool fall, O .ii.



O let .ii. and there acknowledge mine amisse and .ii.



and there .ii. for pardon beg for .ii. and mercy call, and pray for grace and



heavenly blisse, and pray, .ii. for grace & heavenly blisse, and .ii. and .ii. & .ii.

E c 2

my troubles rise, and never
 cease, men indge thou wilt not heare my cries, thou wilt
 not heare my cries, my cries rise, thou wilt not heare my cries, ii.
 how many are my miseries, my troubles rise and never cease,
 Lord how do, how doe my woes encrease, O Lord. ii.

are, how many how many, are my mi-
 series, my miseries, how ii.
 my troubles rise, and never
 cease, men indge thou wilt not heare my cries, thou wilt
 not heare my cries, my cries rise, thou wilt not heare my cries, ii.
 how many are my miseries, my troubles rise and never cease,
 Lord how do, how doe my woes encrease, O Lord. ii.

thou wilt not heare my cries, men .ii.
 men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, thou wilt not heare
 my cries, men .ii.
 my miseries, my troubles rise and neuer cease, my .ii.
 and neuer cease,
 how many are my miseries, my mi-
 series, how many are, how .ii.
 Lord how do, my woes encrease, O Lord, O Lord .ii.
 how .ii.



S.VOC.

Alms.

To Capetario.

Lord how do my woes encrease, O
 how many are my miseries,
 how many are, how .ii.
 my miseries
 my troubles rise & neuer cease, my .ii.
 men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, thou .ii.
 thou wilt
 men .ii.
 not, thou wilt not heare my cries,



S.VOC.

Alms.

To Capetario.

Lord how do my woes, O Lord .ii. how doe
 my woes encrease, O .iii.
 how many are my miseries, how .ii.
 my miseries my troubles rise, my
 troubles rise and neuer cease, my .ii.
 men iudge thou wilt not heare, thou wilt not
 heare my cries. men iudge thou wilt not heare my cries, thou wilt not heare
 my cries, thou wilt thou wilt not heare my cries,



S.VOC.

Cantus.

To Capetario.

Ff

Vide fol. 59.

clad from thee above, hees ii.

and clad from thee above, hees fed and clad, hees ii.

thou doest loue, doest loue, most ii.

hees strong and wise in all respects, hees fed

Happy hee whom thou protectst, most happy hee whom thou doest loue, whom

Thomas Twiss

Thomas Twiss

Happy hee whom thou protectst, most happy hee ii.

most iii

most happy hee whom thou doest loue, doest loue, hees strong

and wise in all respects, in all respects, hees fed and clad from thee above, hees ii.

hees ii.

hees fed and clad from thee above

from thee above.

Thomas Twiss

5. VOC.

5. VOC. Thomas Weelkes.



Happy hee whom thou protectst, most happy hee whom thou dost loue,

whom thou dost loue, most ii.

hee strong and wise in all respects, in ii:

hee fed and clad, hee fed and clad, hee ii. from thee above, hee fed and clad from thee,

hee ii. a boue.

Thomas Weelkes.

Allus.

5. VOC.



Happy he whom thou protectst most

happy he whom thou dost loue, dost loue, most

hee strong & most ii.

wise in all respects, in ii. hee fed and clad from

thee above, hee fed and clad from thee, hee

fed and clad from thee above, hee ii.

hee fed and clad from thee above.

Thomas Weelkes.

5. VOC.


5. VOC.

thee above, hee ii. hee fed and clad, hee ii. from thee above.

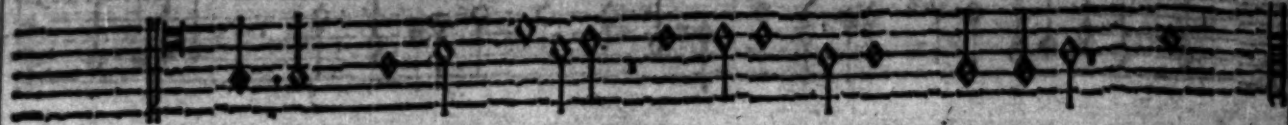
pects, in ii. hee fed and clad from thee above, hee fed and clad, hee ii. from

most ii. most happy he whom thou dost loue, hee strong and wise in all re-

Happy hee whom thou protectst, most happy hee whom thou dost loue, whom



voice, Oh let thine eares to mee be tide, that I in thee may still reioyce.



Ve of the deepe to thee I calde, therefore O Lord heare thou my



Quintus. *Requiescat in pace.*



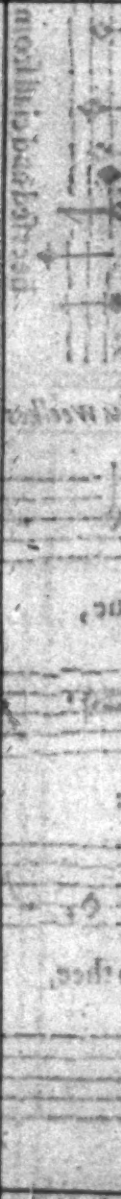
Ve of the deepe to thee I calde, therefore O Lord heare thou



my voice, O let thine eares to mee be tide, that I in thee may still



reioyce.

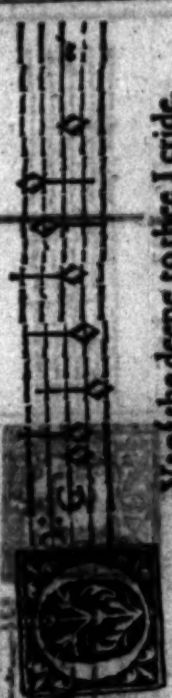


Ter. *Requiescat in pace.*

Nathaniel Gyles.

5. VOC. 30. Bass.

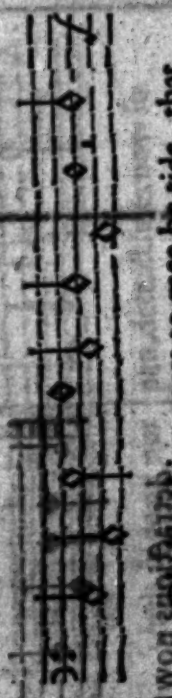
5. VOC.



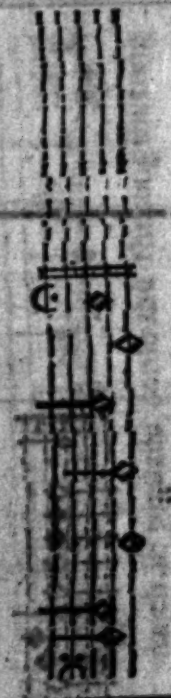
Vt of the deepe to thee I cride,



therefore O Lord heare thou my voyce,

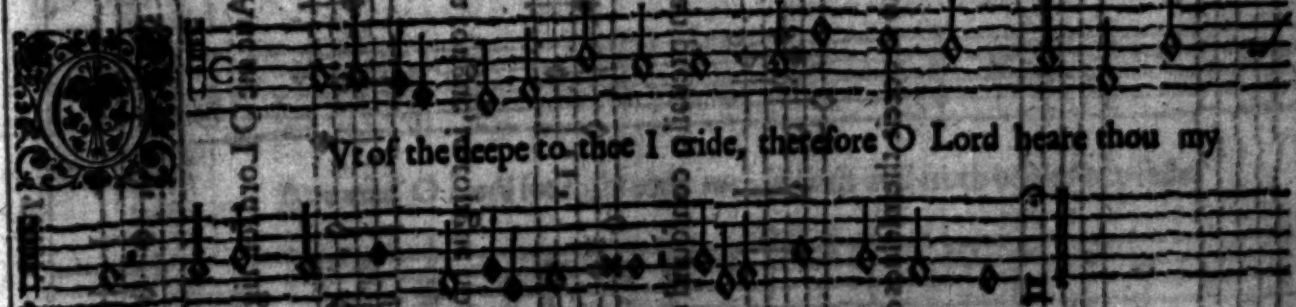


Oh let thine cares to mee be tide, that



I in thee may still reioyce.

Nathaniel Gyles.



voys, O let thine cares to mee be tide, that I in thee may still reioyce.

2 If thou O Lord wilt be seuer,
to note in mee what is amiss:
Thy iudgements I might iustly feare,
despairing of thy heavenly blisse.
But thou art mercifull O God,
and still thy grace doth most abound:
To them that reuerence thy god,
thy fauour euer will be found.

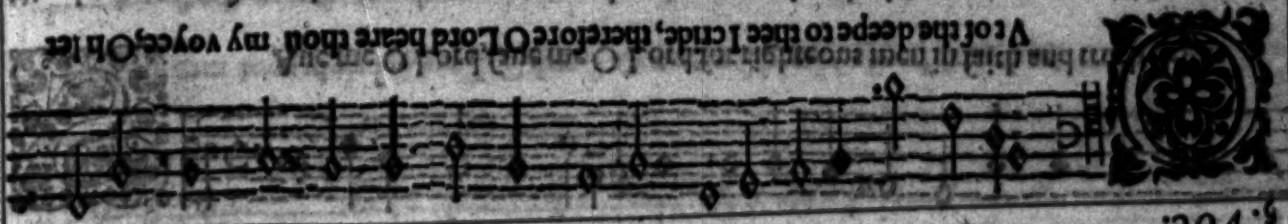
3 On thee O Lord I did attend,
and in thy word repose my trust:
Till thou thy light to me didst send,
and raise me vp euen from the dust.
4 Trust in the Lord O Israel,
his mercies rich as sands on shore:
Redemption great with him doth dwell,
in bounteous plenty, plenteous store.

Vide fol. 16

Nathaniel Gyles.

Canons.

5. VOC.



rhine cares to mee be tide, that I in thee may still reioyce.

4 On thee O Lord I did attend,
and in thy word repose my trust:
Till thou thy light to me didst send,
and raise me vp euen from the dust.
5 Trust in the Lord O Israel,
his mercies rich as sands on shore:
Redemption great with him doth dwell,
in bounteous plenty, plenteous store.

6 If thou O Lord wilt be seuer,
to note in mee what is amiss:
Thy iudgements I might iustly feare,
despairing of thy heavenly blisse.

7 But thou art mercifull O God,
and still thy grace doth most abound:
To them that reuerence thy god,
thy fauour euer will be found.

8 Thy fauour euer will be found.

now so much prevaile, confound the tong and lippes of those who so deceite

to faile, there is no truch in tong nor pen, there is no truch, in tong nor pen, detractions

Aue me O Lord, saue me O Lord for righteous men in faith and truch begin

1700. Contraltino. Robert Johnson.

Aue me O Lord for righteous men in faith and truch begin

there is no truch in tongue, in tongue nor penne, there is

deceptions now so much prevaile, confound the tong and lippes of those,

who so deceite themselves dispoile them.

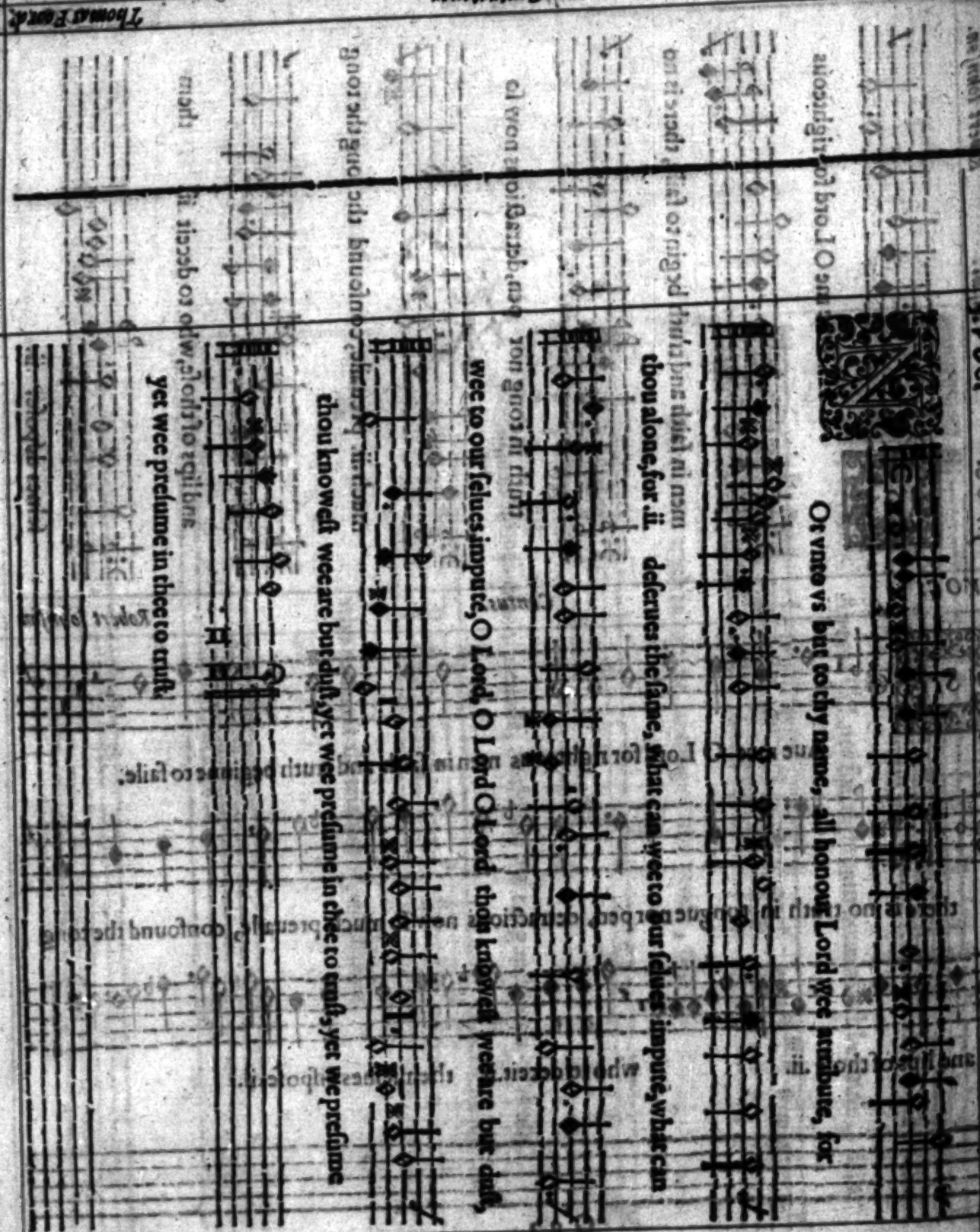
il.

5. VOC. 5. VOC. Robert Johnson.

5. VOC.

Cantus Robert Johnson


 are but dust, yet we presume in thee to trust, yet we presume in
 defendes the same, what can we to our selves impure, O Lord, O Lord thou knowest we
 Of vnto vs but to thy name, all honour Lord we attribute, for thou alone, for ii.


 Of vnto vs but to thy name, all honour Lord we attribute, for
 defendes the same, what can we to our selves impure, what can
 we to our selves impure, O Lord, O Lord O Lord thou knowest we are but dust,
 thou knowest we are but dust, yet we presume in thee to trust, yet we presume
 yet we presume in thee to trust

Thomas Esorde

5. VOC.

5. VOC.



Or unto vs but to thy name, all ho-

nour Lord we attribute, for thou alone deserues

the fame, what can we to our felues impure, O

Lord, O Lord thou knowest we are but dust, yet

we presume in thee to trust, yet ii.

yet we presume in thee to trust.

Cantus.

Thomas Esorde

Or unto vs but to thy name all honour Lord we attribute, for thou alone de-

serues the fame, what can we to our felues impure, O Lord O Lord thou knowest we are but

dust, O Lord thou knowest wee are but dust, yet wee presume in thee to trust, yet ii.

yet we presume, yet wee presume in thee to trust.

H h

Fide fol. 170.

Handwritten musical notation on staves with lyrics: "Or unto vs but to thy name, all honour Lord we attribute, for thou alone deserues the fame, what can we to our felues impure, O Lord O Lord thou knowest we are but dust, yet we presume in thee to trust, yet ii. yet we presume in thee to trust."

Handwritten musical notation on staves with lyrics: "Or unto vs but to thy name, all ho- nour Lord we attribute, for thou alone deserues the fame, what can we to our felues impure, O Lord, O Lord thou knowest we are but dust, yet we presume in thee to trust, yet ii. yet we presume in thee to trust."

Handwritten musical notation on staves with lyrics: "Or unto vs but to thy name all honour Lord we attribute, for thou alone de- serues the fame, what can we to our felues impure, O Lord O Lord thou knowest we are but dust, O Lord thou knowest wee are but dust, yet wee presume in thee to trust, yet ii. yet we presume, yet wee presume in thee to trust."

but thee, let me delight in nougth but thee, let me delight
 inflame me, inflame ii.
 inflame me ii, holy fire, with thy holy fire, holy fire, in ii.
 inflame me ii, holy fire, with thy holy fire, holy fire, in ii.
 inflame me with thy holy fire, holy fire, in ii.
 Ord ever bridle my desires, Lord ii.
 cleanse mine affections with thy spirit,
 with thy spirit, cleanse ii.
 inflame me with thy holy fire, holy fire, in ii.

Ord ever bridle my desires, Lord ii.
 cleanse mine affections with
 thy spirit, with thy spirit, cleanse mine ii.
 thy spirit inflame me with thy holy
 holy fire inflame ii.
 holy fire, inflame ii.
 inflame me with thy, inflame ii.
 holy fire, with thy holy
 holy fire, in nougth but thee, in ii.
 but thee ii. but thee ii. but thee, let me
 delight in nougth but thee, let me delight.

© reduce bride my desire, bride ii. cleme mine attention, cleme is with

S.P.O.C. Cantine. Martin & Poff

L
Ord ever bridle my desires, my desires, cleanse mine affections with thy spirit,
cleanse .ii. with thy spirit, inflame me with thy holy holy fire, inflame .ii.
inflame me with thy holy holy fire, with thy holy fire, in nought but thee, in .ii.
but thee, but thee. ii. but thee let me delight, in nought but thee let me delight.
H l 2

5. VOC. Bass. ON 2 Robert Jones.



Ament, I ament my soule, cry, cry, O cry, O cry, sweet Iesu pitty, pitty me, pitty me,

sweet Iesu pitty

pitty me, help, helpe. ii. for sin I die, help. ii.

helpe, help for sin I die. ii.

sweet Christ come ease my misery, come

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

5. VOC.



Ament, I ament my soule, cry, cry, O cry, O cry, sweet Iesu pitty, pitty me, pitty me,

sweet Iesu pitty

pitty me, help, helpe. ii. for sin I die, help. ii.

helpe, help for sin I die. ii.

sweet Christ come ease my misery, come

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

ease my misery, sweet Christ come ease my misery.

sweet. ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

for sin I die, I die, for sin I die, I die. ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

Christ come ease my misery. ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

ii.

Lord, ii. Lord, Lord, Lord stand by me.

me, my heart is rent ii. with griefs and groans, with ill I lie to thee

Lord consider my great moones, prevent the dangers coming nigh

10. WAYDE.

Lord consider my great moone, prevent the dangers coming

my heart is rent ii. with griefs and groans,

night me, ii. I lie to thee O Lord, ii.

O Lord, O Lord, O Lord

stand by me, stand by me.

1930-1931

to the Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord

With graces and graces, with u.

Lord consider my great money, present the dangers, present. II.

Io. Warden

20' Buffer.

Lord consider consider my great

mones, prevent the dangers comming aigh me,

with grieves and

I Aie to

thee O Lord, I lie to thee O Lord, O

Lord, ii. O Lord stand by me

Lord consider my great ones, my .ib.

nigh me, the.ii

my heart is rent .ii.

with grieues and grones, with .ii.

Life to thee O Lord, I.ii.

○ Lord, ii. ○ Lord stand by me.

K k

Vide fol. 64.

Lord the rocke of my whole strength, of my whole strength, let thy sweet mer-

cy salve mine anguish, mine anguish, let thy sweet mercy salve mine anguish, and grant me grace

O Lord at length, let that I faint, dispaire & languish,

I faint, dispaire and languish.

God the rocke of my whole strength, let thy sweet mercy salve mine

anguish, .ii.

And grant me grace O Lord, O

Lord at length, .ii.


let that I faint, dispaire and

languish, .ii.

and languish, let that I faint, dispaire & languish.

1. *Allegro.*
 2. *Andante.*
 3. *Allegro.*
 4. *Andante.*
 5. *Allegro.*
 6. *Andante.*
 7. *Allegro.*
 8. *Andante.*
 9. *Allegro.*
 10. *Andante.*
 11. *Allegro.*
 12. *Andante.*
 13. *Allegro.*
 14. *Andante.*
 15. *Allegro.*
 16. *Andante.*
 17. *Allegro.*
 18. *Andante.*
 19. *Allegro.*
 20. *Andante.*
 21. *Allegro.*
 22. *Andante.*
 23. *Allegro.*
 24. *Andante.*
 25. *Allegro.*
 26. *Andante.*
 27. *Allegro.*
 28. *Andante.*
 29. *Allegro.*
 30. *Andante.*
 31. *Allegro.*
 32. *Andante.*
 33. *Allegro.*
 34. *Andante.*
 35. *Allegro.*
 36. *Andante.*
 37. *Allegro.*
 38. *Andante.*
 39. *Allegro.*
 40. *Andante.*
 41. *Allegro.*
 42. *Andante.*
 43. *Allegro.*
 44. *Andante.*
 45. *Allegro.*
 46. *Andante.*
 47. *Allegro.*
 48. *Andante.*
 49. *Allegro.*
 50. *Andante.*
 51. *Allegro.*
 52. *Andante.*
 53. *Allegro.*
 54. *Andante.*
 55. *Allegro.*
 56. *Andante.*
 57. *Allegro.*
 58. *Andante.*
 59. *Allegro.*
 60. *Andante.*
 61. *Allegro.*
 62. *Andante.*
 63. *Allegro.*
 64. *Andante.*
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 66. *Andante.*
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 68. *Andante.*
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 70. *Andante.*
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 72. *Andante.*
 73. *Allegro.*
 74. *Andante.*
 75. *Allegro.*
 76. *Andante.*
 77. *Allegro.*
 78. *Andante.*
 79. *Allegro.*
 80. *Andante.*
 81. *Allegro.*
 82. *Andante.*
 83. *Allegro.*
 84. *Andante.*
 85. *Allegro.*
 86. *Andante.*
 87. *Allegro.*
 88. *Andante.*
 89. *Allegro.*
 90. *Andante.*
 91. *Allegro.*
 92. *Andante.*
 93. *Allegro.*
 94. *Andante.*
 95. *Allegro.*
 96. *Andante.*
 97. *Allegro.*
 98. *Andante.*
 99. *Allegro.*
 100. *Andante.*
 101. *Allegro.*
 102. *Andante.*
 103. *Allegro.*
 104. *Andante.*
 105. *Allegro.*
 106. *Andante.*
 107. *Allegro.*
 108. *Andante.*
 109. *Allegro.*
 110. *Andante.*
 111. *Allegro.*
 112. *Andante.*
 113. *Allegro.*
 114. *Andante.*
 115. *Allegro.*
 116. *Andante.*
 117. *Allegro.*
 118. *Andante.*
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 120. *Andante.*
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 122. *Andante.*
 123. *Allegro.*
 124. *Andante.*
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 171. *Allegro.*
 172. *Andante.*
 173. *Allegro.*
 174. *Andante.*
 175. *Allegro.*
 176. *Andante.*
 177. *Allegro.*
 178. *Andante.*
 179. *Allegro.*
 180. *Andante.*
 181. *Allegro.*
 182. *Andante.*
 183. *Allegro.*
 184. *Andante.*
 185. *Allegro.*
 186. *Andante.*
 187. *Allegro.*
 188. *Andante.*
 189. *Allegro.*
 190. *Andante.*
 191. *Allegro.*
 192. *Andante.*
 193. *Allegro.*
 194. *Andante.*
 195. *Allegro.*
 196. *Andante.*
 197. *Allegro.*
 198. *Andante.*
 199. *Allegro.*
 200. *Andante.*
 201. *Allegro.*
 202. *Andante.*
 203. *Allegro.*
 204. *Andante.*
 205. *Allegro.*
 206. *Andante.*
 207. *Allegro.*
 208. *Andante.*
 209. *Allegro.*
 210. *Andante.*
 211. *Allegro.*
 212. *Andante.*
 213. *Allegro.*
 214. *Andante.*
 215. *Allegro.*
 216. *Andante.*
 217. *Allegro.*
 218. *Andante.*
 219. *Allegro.*
 220. *Andante.*
 221. *Allegro.*
 222. *Andante.*
 223. *Allegro.*
 224. *Andante.*
 225. *Allegro.*
 226. *Andante.*
 227. *Allegro.*
 228. *Andante.*
 229. *Allegro.*
 230. *Andante.*
 231. *Allegro.*
 232. *Andante.*
 233. *Allegro.*
 234. *Andante.*
 235. *Allegro.*
 236. *Andante.*
 237. *Allegro.*
 238. *Andante.*
 239. *Allegro.*
 240. *Andante.*

5. VOC. 30 *Begin.* *do. Wilby.*

 *God the rocke of my whole*

strength, let thy sweet mercy salve mine an-

guish. and grant me grace O Lord, O Lord

at length, O Lord at length, least that I faint

dispaire and languish.

10. *Willb.*

God the rocke of my whole strength, let thy sweet mercy save mine anguish,
mine anguish, and grant me grace O Lord, O Lord at length, & grant
me helpe O Lord at length, lest that I faint, despaire and languish. ii. left
that I faint, despaire and languish. ii.

5. VOC. Bassus. 3. J. Dowland, Bachelor of Musick.

Shame, I shame at mine vnworthines. I shame at mine at mine vnworthi-nes,

yet faine faine would be at one, at one with thee. yet faine faine would be at one, at one

with thee, yet faine would be at one with thee, thou art a ioy, a ioy, thou art a ioy in heauines,

a succour in necessity. ii.

in ne-ces-si-ty.

11

4. VOC. Contr. J. Dowland, Bachelor of Musick.

Shame, ii. at mine vnwor-

thi-nes, yet faine would be at one with thee,

yet faine faine would be at one with thee,

would be at one with thee, thou art a ioy. ii.

in heauines. ii.

a ioy in heauines. ii.

in heauines, a succour in necessity. ii.

cy, ii.

Shame. ii. at mine, at mine, mine vnwor-thi-nes, at mine vn-wor-thi-nes,

I shame. ii. at mine. ii. vnworthines, yet faine would be at one with thee, yet. ii.

with thee, thou art a ioy, a ioy. ii.

in heauines, thou art a ioy

in heauines, a succour in necessity, a succour in necessity,

me and ease my misery, pity me and ease my misery, my misery.

compassion, & ii. then pity me, pity me, pity me, pity me.

may thee O Lord to mercy move, may thee O Lord to mercy, mercy, move, and so

with griefe, with griefe oppress, with ii. with ii. sent from a soule with griefe oppress, with

That a sinners sighes, sent from a soule with griefe oppress, sent ii.

with ii. may thee O Lord to mercy move, to ii. may ii. and so

prett, with griefe, with griefe oppress, oppress, sent from a soule with griefe oppress,

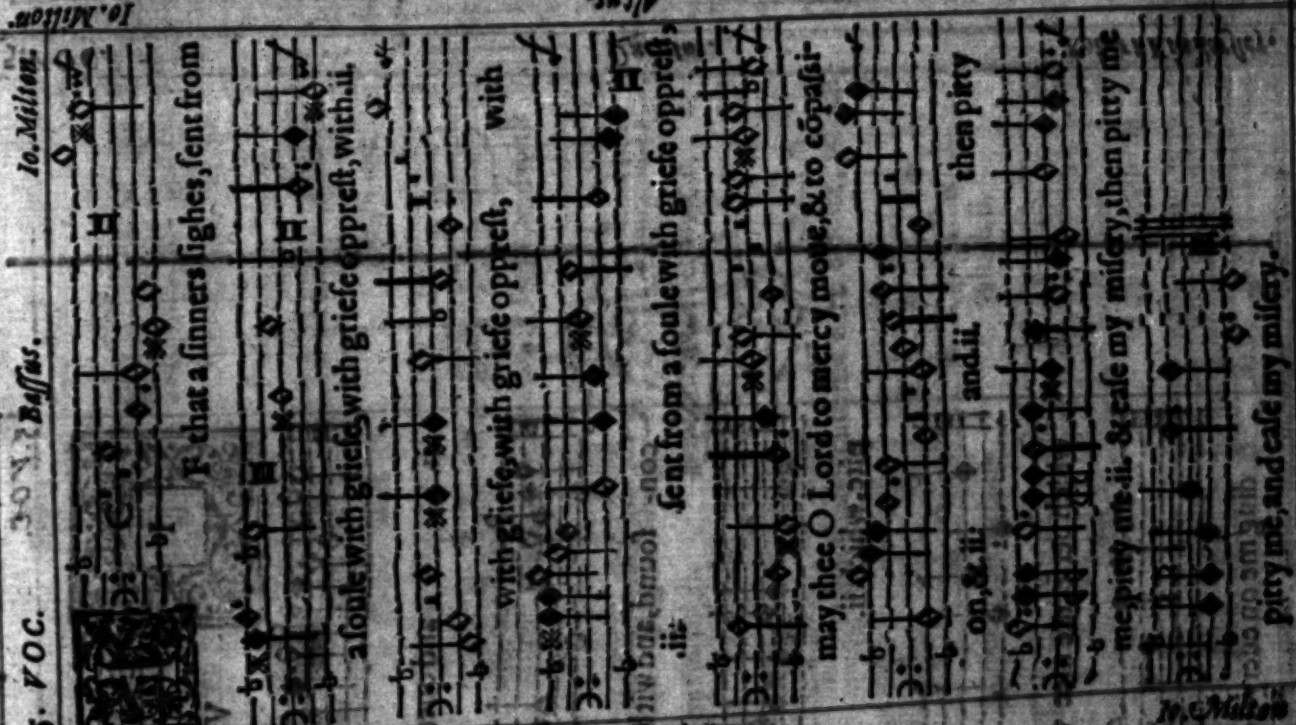
sent from a soule with griefe op-

compassion, and ii. and ii. then pity me, pity me, &

ease my misery, then pity me, pity me, and ease my misery, then pity me, and ease my

misery. ii. .v.


 F that a sinners sighes, a soule with griefe oppress
 with griefe, with griefe oppress, sent from a soule with griefe oppress, with
 oppress, sent. ii.
 may thee O Lord to mercy moue, to. ii. and to compassion, & ii.
 then pittie me, pittie me, & ease my
 misery, and. ii.

5. VOC. 30. Bassus. 10. Milton.

 F that a sinners sighes, sent from
 a soule with griefe, with griefe oppress, with. ii.
 with griefe, with griefe oppress, with
 sent from a soule with griefe oppress,
 may thee O Lord to mercy moue, & to compas-
 on, & ii. then pittie
 me, pittie me, & ease my misery, then pittie me
 pittie me, and ease my misery.

VOC. Cantus.

 F that a sinners sighes, if. iii. sent from a soule with griefe oppress,
 with. ii. sent. ii. with griefe, with griefe oppress, sent. ii.
 sent. ii. may thee O Lord to mercy moue, may. ii. to mercy moue,
 and to compassion, & ii. then pittie me. ii. and ease my misery, & ii.
 then pittie me, pittie me, and ease my misery.

and guide, defending me on every side.

which persecute me with despite, O be thou still my guard

and with thy sword confound the cruel, confound the cruel, and ill

Vedge them O Lord which me pursue, and overthrow my foes in flight,



S. VOC.

Robert Kinsley.

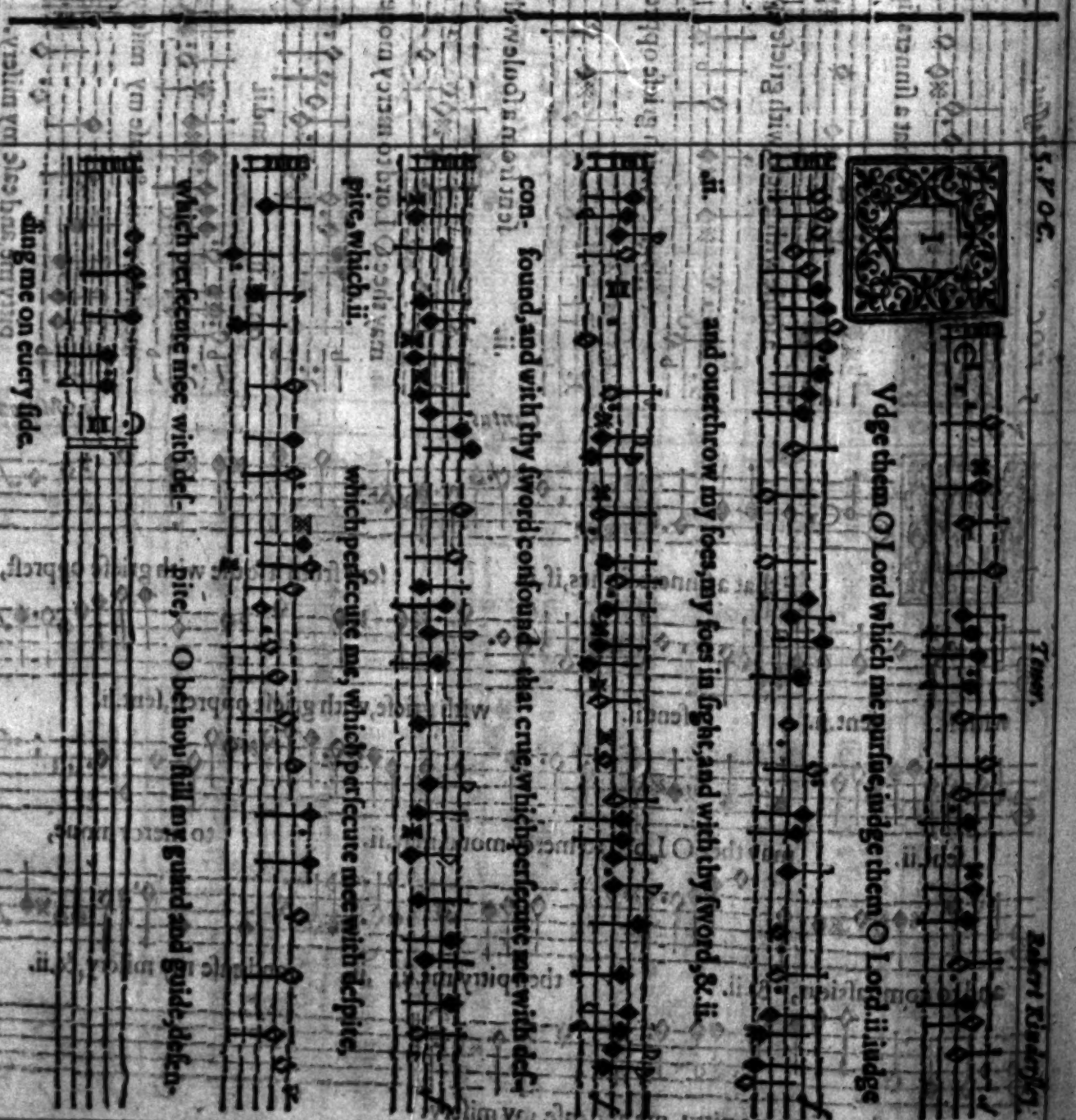
Vedge them O Lord which me pursue, judge them O Lord, ii. judge

and overthrow my foes, my foes in flight, and with thy sword, & ii.

confound, and with thy sword confound the cruel, which persecute me with despite, which ii.

which persecute me, which persecute me with despite,

which persecute me with despite, O be thou still my guard and guide, defending me on every side.



Tenor,

Robert Kinsley.

VOC.

Ome, come, helpe, helpe, O God, O God, for Christs sweet bloody

bloudy sweate, I seeke thy loue, and feare thy rod, and

feare thy rod, for mercy I entreat, I intreat, my griefes, my griefes

remedie, remedie, if mercy, mercy, mercie, mer-

cies, mercies, mercie, mercie, my &c.

cies

VOC.

Ome, come, helpe, helpe, O God, for Christs sweet bloody, bloody

for Christs sweet bloody, I seeke thy loue, and feare thy rod, and feare thy

rod, for mercy I entreat, I entreat, my griefes, my griefes, my griefes,

if mercy, if mercy, mercie, mercie, mercie, mercie, my &c.

mercies, mercies, mercie, mercie, my &c.

5. V. OC. DON. 2. Bass.


5. V. OC.

Ome.ii. helpe.ii. O God,ii. for
Christ's sweet bloody.ii. sweat.ii. I seeke
thy loue and feare thy rod, for mercy,ii. I
intreat, my griefes, my.ii.
remedies,ii. if mercy.ii. mercilesse, if
mercy, mercy, mercilesse, if mercy, mercy,
mercilesse. my, &c.

Come.ii. helpe, helpe, O God, for Christ's sweet bloody,ii. sweat, for Christ's
sweet bloody sweat. I seeke thy loue and feare thy rod, for mercy, mercy I intreat, intreat, I
intreat, my griefe, my griefes remedies.ii. if mercy, mercy mercilesse, if mercy, if mercy,
if mercy, mercy, mercilesse, mercilesse. my, &c.

Ome.ii. helpe.ii. O God.ii. ii. for Christ's sweet bloody, bloody sweat
I seeke thy loue & feare thy rod, for mercy.ii. I intreat, intreat, for.ii.
My griefes, my griefes.ii. remedies, ii. mercilesse, if mercy, mercy, mercilesse, if mercy, if mercy,
mercy mercilesse, if mercy, mercilesse. my, &c.


 Lord come pity my complain,
 See how I wepe and mourne, with
 sighes and groanes, and licknes faint, and licknell faint,
 No health I haue, no helpe I haue,
 I haue, no helpe I finde, no care of kinne I see, no care to body, no, ii.
 soule or minde, sweet
 Iesus pity me, sweet Iesus pity mee, ii.


 Lord come pity my complain,
 See how I wepe and mourne, with sighes and groanes, and licknes faint,
 comell, ii. See how I wepe and mourne, with sighes and groanes, and licknes faint,
 with ii. my hope is quite forlorne, my hope is quite
 forlorne, no health I haue, no helpe I finde, no, ii.
 no health I
 find, sweet Iesus pity mee, sweet, ii.

The second system of musical notation, continuing from the first system. It features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody continues with various note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The notation is written on a five-line staff.

Славься, величавый Царь Небесный

Timolpus Thöpus

ms. B. 9. 2.

5.705

5.4

Lord come pity my complaint,

See how Tweed and medrnc, with fighes

& groves, & thickets faint, & ſh.

hope.ii. is quite forlorne no hope I haue,

—and I have no hope I finde, no helpe I finde,

Sweet Jesus pity me, sweet Jesus pity me,

Sweet Jesus pity me.

Timolpus Thopai

Lord come pittie my complaint, come. 2.

See how I weep

and mourn, with sighes and groans, & fumes faint, my hope. ii. is quite forlorne, my. ii.

no health I have, no help I find, I find, no.ii.

no help I find, no care of kin

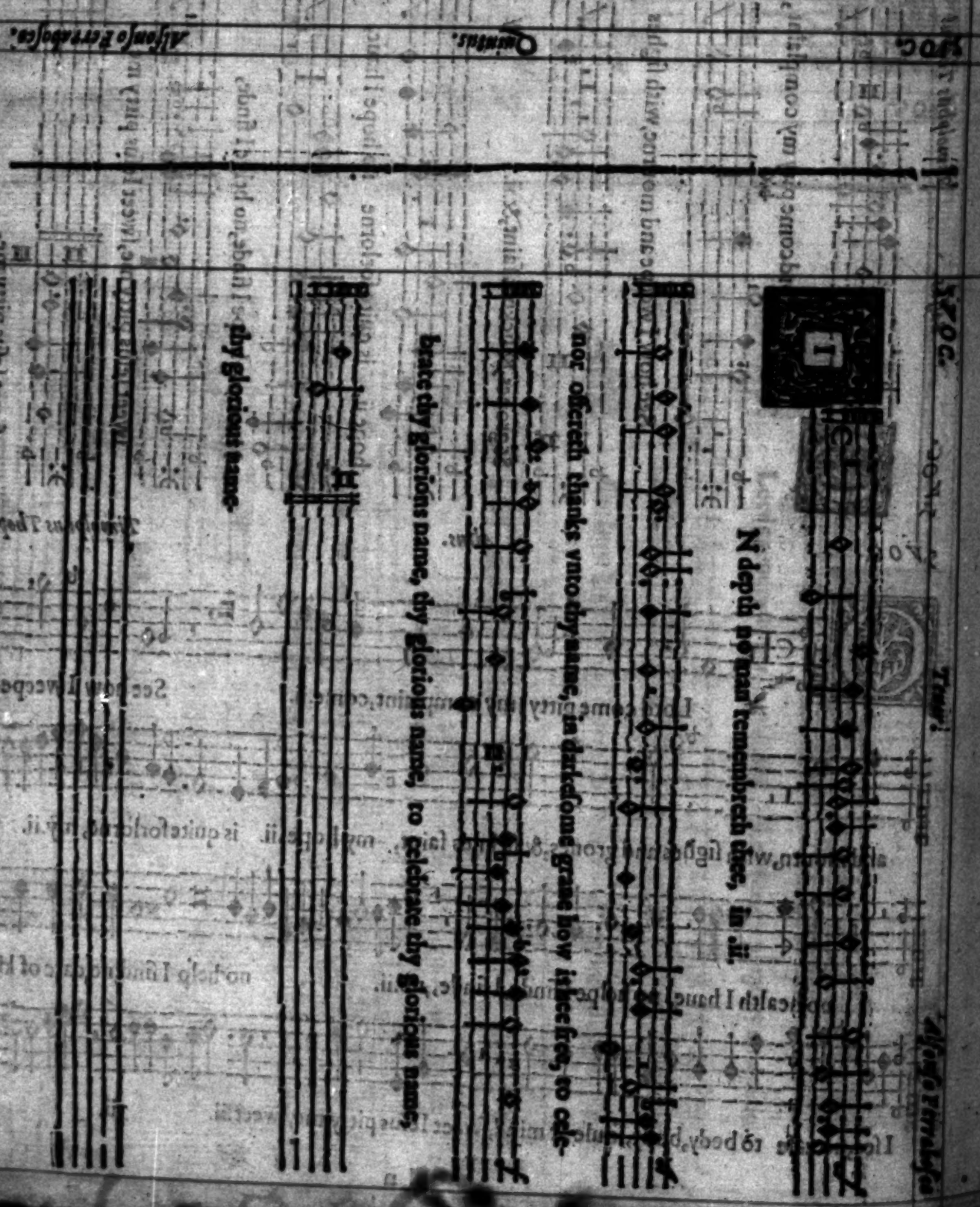
I see no safe to body, body, soule or mind, sweet Iesus pittie me, sweet.ii.

No.

thy glorious name, to II.
 name, in darkness
 grate how is he free to celebrate thy glorious name, to celebrate
 N depth no man remembereth thee, nor offereth thanks unto thy



thy glorious name
 grate thy glorious name, thy glorious name, to celebrate thy glorious name,
 not offereth thanks unto thy name, in darkness grate how is he free, to cele-
 N depth no man remembereth thee, in II.



THE AVTHOR GOING FVRTHER IN
 confideration of the incomprehensibile power and glory of
 God, endeth in amazement

O How can man by Ayres or humane phrases,
 Or any Art or skill shew hearts applaudings?
 When holy Angels penslers of Gods prayes
 Cannot enough in thought shew his Collaudings.
 Can Owlishe eyes behold his beames of brightnesse,
 Or see the least glimpse of his shining glory?
 Who is light Sunne, can silly sonnes of lightnesse
 Of his great greatnesse write or pen the storie?
 If heauens were paper, floods and Seas were Inke,
 The grasse piles pens, and men and creatures writers,

Can they write what mans heart and soule doth think,
 When spirit of sacred spirits are the Inditers?
 No, no, alas when all is said and done,
 And man as highest doth with thoughts aspire
 He lights a Candle to the glorious Sunne,
 And brings a liquid Snow-ball to the fire
 Against that brightest Sunne I cease to gaze,
 To that circumference here lies the Centre;
 I leaue my selfe confus'd within this maze,
 And pardon pray for this my hard adventure.

Sing laude and prayse with thanks all duetie shoue
 To God, from whom maine Seas of mercies flowe.



THis Booke hath relation to the former Booke, printed with some small additions by the Au-
 thor. All the Psalmes, consisting of so many feet as the Lj. are to be sung cyther for voyces, con-
 sort, or both, as the Lamentations and other like in this Book, and the most of all Psalmes be-
 side, leauing out a Semi-briefe in euery second.

